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LIFE'S SONG.

BY ALICE J. MCALILLY.

Life is a never-ending song,
And in its measured flow
It deepens from triumphant joy
To saddest wails of woe.

Each heart some sorrow must endure,
Some sin must overcome,
And grope, as doth the tiny germ,
Through darkness to the sun.

The brightest eye grows dim with age,
The sweetest flowers must fade,
Earth's fairest prospects pass away,
Our hopes in dust be laid.

The lips may murmur as they will,
The heart beseeching pray,
We cannot change God's mighty plan,
Which gives each life its day.

Death stretches forth his icy hand,
And shrouds our hearts with woe,
But still the song of life goes on,
And still we come and go.

TRIED FOR LIFE;

—OR,—

A Golden Dawn.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

ONE evening, just before dinner, she went into the drawing room. She had generally been first there, and Alan had been accustomed to join her; he did so, he said jestingly, to see if the flowers in her hair were all right. This evening, on entering suddenly, she saw Lady Fraser leaning back in her chair, diamonds shining in her dusky hair, and a pomegranate blossom on her white breast, and Alan bending over her, talking earnestly to her. She could not discern that it was merely a scene which Lady Fraser had put upon the stage, as it were, for her benefit. She had called Alan to her side, and was questioning him about Elmsthorpe Grange, when Hyacinth saw him talking so earnestly.

She hesitated for half a moment, while her fair young face grew pale. Lady Fraser looked up with a gleam of triumph in her eyes. Hyacinth said gently:

"I beg pardon; I hope——"

She had no time to finish her sentence; two or three others entered, and she walked to the other end of the room, where no one could see the pain she could not control.

Through some witty, playful nonsense Lady Fraser had her chair placed next to Alan during dinner, and the little anecdotes she told him were so bright and clever that he allowed her almost to engross his attention. It was after that that Lady Rosedene made the fatal mistake of speaking to Hyacinth about the widow, and so bringing the jealousy which had until now lain dormant, into terrible, active, fiery life.

"Hyacinth," said the kind hearted mistress of Dene Hall, "I want to speak to you. Why, child, you are losing your beautiful color! You look like a white hyacinth, indeed! You must not be jealous of Lady Fraser."

The blue eyes raised to her face had something in them of intense pain.

"I am not jealous, Lady Rosedene," she said; but the keen ears detected the ring of pain in the clear young voice. Lady Rosedene went on—

"No one thinks much of what Lady Fraser does or says: if any one else did the same things people would be shocked. She is a thorough flirt. I believe she could no more see a nice man without trying to make him like her than the cat can see a nice plump little sparrow without wishing to eat it. There is no sincerity about her; her flirtations never last. Were I in your place, I should take no notice of her."

"Then you really think she is flirting with Alan, Lady Rosedene?"

Her ladyship was rather discomposed by the straightforward question.

"I think, my dear, she is trying to do so; but I do not think she will succeed. Alan loves you too much to think of any one else."

"He did love me—he does love me!" said the girl; but her voice had the ring of despair in it.

"I should laugh at it," continued Lady Rosedene—"not take it seriously. Lady Fraser always devotes herself to the nicest man in the house, no matter who he may be. Alan is the nicest man here."

"But he is mine!" said Hyacinth.

"Certainly. I know he is, and always will be. He cares nothing about Lady Fraser; but he cannot be rude to her. Take my advice, Hyacinth, and do not be jealous."

"I will not," said the poor child; "I am not."

"You have no cause," declared Lady Rosedene; "if I saw that you had, I should be the first to interfere—you know that."

But even Lady Rosedene's faith was somewhat shaken that evening, when she saw Alan and Lady Fraser singing together.

"Gertrude is cruel," she said. "She cares nothing for the Squire. Why should she make that poor child unhappy? I shall speak sharply to her, if this goes on."

Lady Rosedene had no fear of Alan's loyalty; she had no doubt of his truth and constancy to Hyacinth; but she could not bear to see the sweet face lose its brightness and the tender eyes their light.

Little scenes that were nothing to the outsiders, yet which were full of tragedy to those interested, passed continually. One lovely morning in the middle of May the guests were out on the terrace, the widow, as usual, in the centre of a brilliant laughing group. Alan and Hyacinth were near her; and she was pretending to read the character of each person present by the flower that he or she admired. She made some wonderful "hits"—above all when Captain Clifton said that his favorite flower was the poppy. The character of a brave and reckless soldier which she drew from that was clever in the extreme. Alan listened with wonder. Presently she turned to him:

"What is your favorite flower, Mr. Branston?" she asked.

He laughed as he replied—

"My allegiance is divided between two, and they are very different."

"What are they?" she asked.

"The white hyacinth and the blue cornflower," he replied.

She laughed the low silvery laugh which was like a chime of bells.

"The fact that you are divided between two shows that you prefer neither. Your favorite flower shall be a spray of appleblossom; from that I will sketch your character," and she proceeded in a few picturesque words to give such a description of Alan, with such happy "hits," that every one was amused—except Hyacinth. She tried to reason with herself, to believe that there was nothing in it; but the hot fire of jealousy was burning her heart away. She withdrew silently from the laughing group, and Alan was so deeply engrossed by Lady Fraser's brilliant wit that he did not miss her.

He found Hyacinth an hour afterwards in the garden.

"My darling," he said, "why did you leave me? I never saw you go away."

He sat down by her, and drew the fair troubled face near to his own.

"Alan," she asked, "do you really love me?"

"What a question to put, when we are to be married so soon!" he replied.

"But do you really love me better than any one else?" she pursued.

"Yes—ten thousand times better. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have no thought, no wish, no desire, no hope, that does not begin and end in you, Hyacinth."

"Then," cried the girl, "why do you torture me? Oh, Alan, if you love me, why do you torture me?"

He looked at her in amazement.

"I torture you, Hyacinth?" he exclaimed. "Why, my darling, I would not hurt a hair of your dear head! How do I torture you?"

"You do not understand," she said with a bitter cry; and, rising, she left him, lest he should see the tears she could not restrain.

CHAPTER XII.

ALAN soon forgot Hyacinth's words. He was of a singularly bright and happy temperament. He had a certain vague idea that all women had highly strung nerves, and were never to be properly understood. When Hyacinth said anything that was not quite comprehensible to him, he attributed the want of clearness to the fact that she belonged to the sex supposed to be swayed with feelings without reason.

He wondered a little sadly and a little gravely at the word "torture." What could the child mean, when every hair of her head was dear to him, and he worshipped the ground on which she stood?

It was one of Lady Fraser's fancies never to recognise the engagement between the two lovers. She never alluded to it. She never made even the faintest comment upon it. She gave no sign of having ever heard about it. She took no notice when others mentioned it. If any allusion were made to the coming marriage, she affected to misunderstand it.

More than once Hyacinth found herself wondering whether she knew of the engagement or not. Surely she did not; though they called her a flirt she must have some notion of honor, and no honorable woman would ever seek the admiration of another woman's *fiance*. When Lady Rosedene wished to speak to Alan, or took him in any way from Hyacinth, she always made some laughing apology. When Lady Fraser asked him to sing with her, or to take her round the grounds, or to read to her, as she often did, she never affected to think that Hyacinth was in the least concerned.

And, as she found that Alan fell easily into the net spread for him, she became more and more encroaching. She totally ignored Hyacinth, and openly claimed Mr. Branston. If some of the guests proposed going out for a drive, she always asked him to drive her; if any were walking, and he was with them, she chose him as her companion; if the evening was fine, she invited him to stroll round the grounds with her.

Alan was slightly impatient at first. Sometimes he excused himself, and went away with Hyacinth. Sometimes he was irresolute, and a witty jest from the beautiful siren brought him to her side—a constant fire of witticisms kept him there. She was kind to Hyacinth in a cold formal fashion, but never mentioned Alan to her.

The others looked on—Lady Rosedene with vexation and impatience, the rest with amusement.

One day Hyacinth, passing the library windows, which opened upon the terrace, saw Lady Fraser seated in the deep bay window; a dark head was bending over her; and just as Hyacinth went by she saw Alan take the white jeweled hand and kiss it.

It was not much, perhaps, to kiss the hand of a beautiful woman; and she could not tell that Lady Fraser had tempted him—drawn him into doing it—by showing him one of her rings and leaving her warm soft hand in his.

It was no wish of Alan's—he had no desire to kiss any hand save Hyacinth's; but, when she left it in his own, with a plain invitation in her eyes, he was but a mortal man, and he kissed it. There was not much in the action; but it shot with deadliest pain through the girl's loving heart; it smote her with bitterness like death; her face paled; her lips trembled; she looked like one whose heart had suddenly been transfixed with a sharp sword.

She went on her way—she was taking a message to the head gardener about some flowers that Lady Rosedene wanted—but over the brightness of the May day a cloud had fallen; a funeral pall lay over the gold of the laburnum and the purple of the lilacs; a dark mist hid the budding roses and the lily leaves; the birds seemed suddenly to have changed their notes. What was the fiery, horrible pain that made her heart bleed?

She went on quickly. She wanted to be alone to think over what she had seen. She gave the message to the gardener, who looked at her in amazement—her face was white and her lips trembled. Then she went from the park into the woods, where she could be alone and sob out her pain. If she had known that Alan was searching everywhere for her, with hot impatience in her heart against the widow, she would have gone to him.

What bewildering pain it was! She flung herself down, hiding her white face and burning tears in the long soft grass. The memory of the kiss was a burning pain; it tortured her. How was she to bear it? Was his love so light that a few glances from dark eyes and a few smiles from rosy lips could take his heart from her?

The white hands were clenched; the pretty lips trembled with deep drawn passionate sobs. How could she bear it? She loved him so well. Why should this dark-eyed woman come between them? Why should she woo him with her soft voice?

"He is mine!" she said, raising her tearful face to the sky. "Why should she try to take him from me? He is mine!"

The fever of jealousy that burned the loving soul grew cool in the rain of bitter tears; but the pain remained. How it tortured her!

Presently she returned to the house. It so happened, as ill-fortune would have it, that Alan had overtaken Lady Fraser on the lawn, and Hyacinth saw them enter the house together. As a matter of course, she thought that they had spent the morning together, while she had been weeping her heart out in the wood. The sight of them entering the house together made her grow faint.

The bell was ringing for luncheon. She had only just time to remove all traces of tears from her face, and hasten to the dining room. The widow and Alan were side by side; but a chair had been left for Hyacinth next to her lover. She took it; but it was a mere farce for her to pretend to eat.

Alan was kind to her—he attended to all her wants; but he was laughing the whole time at some absurd anecdote that Lady Fraser was telling him. Hyacinth could not eat, but she had no wish to draw attention to herself. She contrived to keep up appearances, and joined in the discussion about a ball that Lady Rosedene had resolved upon giving. But her voice seemed to her as though it came from a long way off. It was forced and unnatural.

More than once she found Lady Rosedene's eyes fixed anxiously on her; and then she tried to rally: but it was in vain. The sting of her pain was too bitter. How was she to bear it?

On that same day Alan asked her to go down to the lake side with him, and she did so. They sat down upon the green bank that sloped gently down to the clear lake.

"Hyacinth," cried the young Squire, suddenly, "let me look at your face? Why, my darling, what is the matter? Your eyes are quite dim. What is wrong? You do not look happy. And yet you must be happy. You cannot be otherwise."

"I am not happy. Oh, Alan," cried the girl, "do you not see that my heart is bleeding—not pained, not aching, but bleeding? Can you not see it—you who love me so well?"

He looked at her in utter wonder.

"No," he said. "What is it, my darling? Have I displeased you?"

"No," she answered; and he saw that there was mortal pain on her face. "Displease is not the word. You torture me! Oh, Alan, give up Lady Fraser!"

He repeated the words in wonder.

"Give up Lady Fraser! Why, my darling, what have I to do with her? She is nothing to me."

"She talks to you; you sing with her; you kiss her hand. I saw it. Oh, Alan, it is killing me! You must give her up."

"I have nothing to give up," he replied. "I hope you are not jealous, Hyacinth? I do not like jealous women."

"She causes me nothing but pain," said

the girl, earnestly. "But I see it is not your fault. She seeks you."

"Yes, I think she likes to talk to me," he answered, little dreaming of the bitter anguish his words would cause her. "You see, she is a clever woman, and I understand her."

"Give her up, Alan, for my sake—because it makes me so unhappy to see you with her."

"My darling," said the young lover, gravely, "while we are in the world, we must do as the world does. Because a lady happens to be young and beautiful, and to show, as lady Fraser does, a decided preference for my society, I cannot be rude to her. I must go laugh for laugh, jest for jest."

"Give her up, Alan. Tell her you are going to marry me, and have not time to spare for her."

"My darling, I cannot; every one would laugh. They would say that I was under petticoat government."

"But it is for my happiness," said the girl. "Sometimes, when she looks into your eyes and smiles, it seems to me as though my heart were burning. For my sake, Alan——"

"I have never wronged you even in thought Hyacinth," he interrupted. "I would do anything on earth to please you; but my darling, I cannot make myself a subject of laughter. I promise to keep out of the fair widow's way; do not ask me to make myself the mark for everybody's wit. Let us talk about something more pleasant."

And he forgot the subject, while she suffered unutterable pain. But that evening, when Lady Fraser asked him to sing, the young Squire excused himself; he was going to play chess with Miss Vane.

The widow gave a glance at the fair face of the girl whose heart she was wounding for her own amusement.

"You have been talking to your lover about me, *ma belle*," she said to herself; "but you shall pay dearly for every word."

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY FRASER began to be interested. She liked the young Squire better than she had liked any one yet, and there was a certain piquant pleasure in watching the pained face of the young girl. For once the biter was bitten. She had begun by playing at love, and she ended by learning to love the man who was so solemnly promised to another woman.

After she had found that out, she delighted in torturing her young rival; to see the fair young face blanch, the white lips tremble, and a sudden quiver of pain pass over it, was a pleasure to her. Yet she was so clever and so cunning that she contrived to accomplish all this without attracting attention or drawing down upon herself the displeasure of others.

One afternoon, by some strange chance, she found herself alone with Hyacinth. It was a golden opportunity, one not to be lost. Lady Fraser walked aimlessly up and down the room; then, as though an idea had suddenly occurred to her, she said, half to herself, half to Hyacinth—

"I wonder where Mr. Branston is? I wish he would sing with me for half an hour."

Looking up at her, Hyacinth saw a flash of fire and mischief in the dark lustrous eyes. She spoke without thinking.

"Lady Fraser," she said, "do you know that I am going to marry Mr. Branston? We are to be married in July."

She trembled as she spoke; it seemed to her as though with these few words she must crush her rival; but, to her surprise, Lady Fraser laughed a low gentle laugh with a touch of scorn in it.

"Indeed!" she said. "But July is not here yet; and there is 'many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'"

"There will be no slip for me," rejoined Hyacinth hotly.

"I hope not," laughed Lady Fraser; "but it is wise not to make too sure of anything in this world. Those who trust, for instance, in a man's love trust in shifting sands. I am going to sing; if Lady Rosedene wants me, tell her I am in the music-room with Mr. Branston."

A few minutes afterwards, Hyacinth heard a stream of music filling the house. She did not wait to discover whether her lover's voice was blending with the magnificent contralto. She went to her room and buried her face in the pillows to shut out the sound.

"She is stealing his heart from me!" sobbed the girl.

From that hour the very madness of jealousy seemed to take possession of her; her pain became intolerable; she lost all the sweet childish grace and softness that had been her great charm. She was always angry, suspicious, or silent. The light had gone from her life; and Alan, vexed and impatient at the change in her, was often displeased, simply because he did not understand. Lady Fraser did her best to make matters worse. She said many things in the young girl's presence which she would not have dared to say to others.

One evening Hyacinth was with Lady Rosedene; they were walking slowly among the budding roses, and suddenly they saw Lady Fraser crossing the lawn with Alan by her side. The very sight seemed to turn the girl's blood cold.

"Look, Lady Rosedene!" she cried. "There is Alan—he is with Lady Fraser again. She will take him from me, I am sure; see how she smiles at him, how she looks at him."

Lady Rosedene looked in alarm at the girl—her face had suddenly grown livid, her eyes were dim with despair.

"My dear Hyacinth," she said, "do not look like that."

With a convulsive grasp the girl clung to her arm.

"Lady Rosedene," she cried, "she will take my lover from me—I am sure she will. She is luring him away."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself," said Lady Rosedene, honestly indignant. "I wish she had never come to Dene Hall."

The madness of passion seemed to have taken possession of Hyacinth. A crimson color flushed her face, an angry light shone in her eyes, all her gentleness and sweetness vanished. Under the influence of her terrible jealousy, she was like one transformed. Lady Rosedene never forgot that awful change; it was the first time she had ever been brought face to face with the dreadful reality of human passion.

"She will take him from me," said the girl in low despairing tones; "and he is all I have in the world. I wish she was dead!" she cried. "Why should she seek to take him from me?"

"My dear Hyacinth, you must not say such things," remonstrated Lady Rosedene. "You do not mean them."

"I do mean them," cried the unhappy girl. "If she takes my lover from me I will kill her!"

Then the wild passionate words died in a burst of tears. Lady Rosedene tried her best to soothe her, but to Hyacinth it seemed as though her soul had been seared.

Perhaps Alan was not altogether free from blame. He might, as he expressed it, have kept out of Lady Fraser's way; but her evident admiration flattered him. More than once, when he found Hyacinth with a tragic face, and eyes dim with tears, he muttered words that were by no means complimentary to the charming widow; but also more than once, when he found Hyacinth sad and silent, or ready to taunt him about Lady Fraser, he showed his independence by going straight back to Lady Fraser's side.

So things went from bad to worse, and there seemed little hope of any improvement. Lady Rosedene resolved to speak to the beautiful coquette, who was risking the happiness of two lives merely to gratify her own vanity. She resolved to do or say something which should shorten Lady Fraser's visit.

"I have never felt jealous in all my life," said Lady Rosedene to herself; "but, if jealousy can change any one as that beautiful, happy, loving child is changing, it must be hard to bear."

It was hard to bear. Hyacinth tried to trample it down, but it rose again with a thousand tongues of flame, and seemed to enfold her. It poisoned every breath of the sweet summer air; it poisoned the food she ate; it killed all sweet sleep; it destroyed all rest. It was like a corroding poison, eating her very heart away. There was no brightness, no beauty left in her life.

She was always weighing evidence about Alan. She said to herself a hundred times over that if he really found that he liked Lady Fraser best she would give him up, and then tried to imagine what her life would be without him, and found that it held nothing for her but despair and death.

More than once Lady Fraser stung her into the madness of pain, and she had cried aloud that she wished her rival dead. With many additions the words were passed from one to another, and the guests said such passion was dangerous.

The night of the ball came, and great had been the preparations. A ball at Rosedene was one of the most pleasurable events in the county, and this was above all others eagerly looked for. Hyacinth, by her lover's desire, wore a dress of rich white silk, superbly trimmed with blue cornflowers; a wreath of blue cornflowers lay on the golden hair, and she wore a knot of the flowers at her breast. An exquisite toilet it was, one just suited to her fair spring like loveliness. She was so pleased with her lover's admiration that something of her former glad young happiness came back to her.

Alan was waiting for her in the hall, and kissed the sweet wistful face that was raised to his.

"How beautiful you look, my darling!" he said. "Now we will have a night so happy that it shall be like a summer dream to us. Let me see your dear face bright and happy as it is now."

They went into the ball room together, Lady Rosedene watching anxiously. She had seen something in the widow's dark eyes that boded mischief. When Lady Fraser entered the ball room—which she did an hour later than most of the others—all eyes were turned wonderingly towards her. The beauty of every other woman paled before the fire of hers. Art, elegance, and luxury had exhausted themselves in her marvellous costume. She wore a dress of the palest green brocade, so pale as to be almost white; it was elaborately and beautifully trimmed with apple blossoms; diamonds shining like dew drops were scattered over the blossoms. The lovely hues of the flowers were shown to perfection in the wreath on her glossy hair; diamonds shone in it, and a diamond cross sparkled like fire on her breast.

A low cry came from Hyacinth's lips when she saw Lady Fraser's dress. She remembered the scene about the apple blossoms. It seemed to the loving wounded heart as though her beauty suddenly faded and the light of her life went out.

Alan evidently understood all that Lady Fraser intended to convey. He laughed when he saw the flowers; he laughed when people teased him; and those who remembered the little scene assured him that he was much honored. He laughed again when Lady Fraser raised her face to his.

"You will dance with the apple blossoms, if you do not with me," she said; and the heart of the girl who loved him stood still with jealous rage, with hot bitter pain.

Once during the evening the two rivals stood together. Lady Fraser said to Hyacinth—

"How well Mr. Branston dances! I am longing for a waltz with him."

"He does not waltz," said Hyacinth coldly.

"You will see," the widow laughed. "You have forgotten all I told you about lover's vows. He will waltz with me, I am sure!"

Later on he did so; and Lady Rosedene, who was talking to Hyacinth, was startled by the spasm of pain that crossed the fair young face.

When the girl saw that, although the waltz was over, Alan remained talking to Lady Fraser, her jealousy became unbearable.

"Good night, Lady Rosedene," she said. "I cannot bear it. I shall go home to-morrow, and then I shall suffer no longer. I—I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me!"

The last glimpse that Lady Rosedene and several visitors had of her that evening was when she left the ball room with a pretty blue and white shawl thrown round her shoulders. No one knew that she flung the shawl away as she passed through the hall to go to her room.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTERWARDS every detail of that night was remembered—from Hyacinth's passionate cry, "I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me," to the insignificant occurrence that, while the ball was at its height, a stranger had called and asked if Lady Fraser was staying at the Hall. Hearing that she was there, he had said that he would call on the morrow. Long afterwards, one of the footmen, who was not quite sober at the time, remembered that this stranger had spoken of the size of the Hall and of the situation of the visitors' rooms.

Alan was the first to miss Hyacinth from the ball-room. He went at once to Lady Rosedene, who told him frankly the cause of her absence.

"If she is really cross," he said, "it is of no use my sending any message to her."

Lady Rosedene looked gravely at him.

"I think you are to blame," she said. "If I were in your place, I should not spend so much time with Lady Fraser."

He laughed carelessly.

"I shall not be much troubled," he replied, "when Lady Fraser's visit ends. She amuses me almost against my own will; but I love my darling."

"Then why vex her?" asked Lady Rosedene quickly.

"I do not—that is, she ought not to be vexed. She knows I love her, and she ought to trust me," said Alan. "I shall be glad when Lady Fraser is gone; I have had a presentment of evil ever since she has been here."

The last they saw of Lady Fraser that evening was when she stood in all the brilliant glow of her beauty talking to Alan. The light from the great chandelier fell on her beautiful face and imperial figure—on her diamonds, her rich dress, and the lovely apple blossoms. She was talking to him, and saying to herself that she liked him far better than any one she had seen, and that, if it could be managed, she would be the lady of Elmsthorpe, instead of the child who showed her jealous pain in her face.

Her dark eyes flashed and her red lips smiled as she bade him good night. She said good night also to Lady Rosedene; but the mistress of Dene was not very cordial to her; she could not forget the pain on Hyacinth's face or the despair in her voice.

"Gertrude," she said somewhat sharply, "do you remember the old saying, 'Do as you would be done by?'"

Lady Fraser laughed a careless musical laugh.

"I remember many quaint old sayings, but I never apply them to myself," she answered; and as she hastened away, some of the apple blossoms that had been fastened to her dress fell to the ground.

"They are all rather cross with me," said Lady Fraser to herself as she reached her own room. "I do not care. I like him, and I shall win him for myself if I can."

It was long after midnight, and the whole household was wrapped in slumber. There was no sign left of the brilliant ball; the last carriage had driven away, the tired dancers, and the still more tired servants, had gladly sought rest. Lady Fraser alone felt no fatigue; she was full of high spirits and exultation; her brain seemed to burn with the different plans that came into her mind. Her maid took the jewels from her hair and her breast, and then she opened her window that the cool air might take the fever from her.

As she leaned her head out in the moonlight, a man standing watching uttered a low cry.

"It is herself!" he exclaimed. "Now I shall see."

She did not remain there many minutes, but quickly closed her window, still smiling to think what she would and could do.

She had been for some time moving quietly about her room when a noise as of some one throwing sand or gravel at the window attracted her attention. At first she thought it was fancy. But it was repeated again and again. Such signals could not have been quite unknown to her, for she suddenly grew deadly pale.

She went to the window and opened it. The man then stood underneath. He looked up, and in the moonlight their eyes met.

"You know me!" he said briefly.

A low cry of wonder and dismay came from her lips.

"Is it you, Andrea?" she asked.

"Yes; I want to speak to you; you must come to me. Do you hear? I make no prayer; I say only you must come to me."

"I cannot," she answered, with a low moan. "I cannot get out of the house."

"You must—I repeat that you must. I have looked half England over to find you, and now I will see you—now—here—to-night."

"I cannot, Andrea. Be reasonable; come to-morrow. I dare not," she moaned.

"I say come. You need not fear; only cowards fear. You think I shall hurt you; on my honor I will not. You know my power over you—do not hesitate. If you come now and speak with me, you shall return to your room unhurt; but I must have speech with you. I am a desperate man. If you refuse, I shall wake up the house and declare before all that which you know and I know. Quick—your choice!"

"I will come," she said.

She did not wait even to gather together the long dusky hair that lay over her shoulders. She opened the door of her room, which was near the grand staircase, and looked out cautiously. There was no sound, nothing but darkness and silence. She knew of a side door which opened with but little trouble into the grounds. If she could only use that, she could get out in silence and no one hear her.

Cautiously she made her way down stairs. In the hall lay a blue and white shawl. She lifted it and threw it over her head, then noiselessly unfastened the door and went out.

The cool sweet night air greeted her. Passing round the western end of the house, she met the stranger face to face. He seized her with almost savage force.

"I knew you would come," he said. "I am a desperate man. You lured me on to love you. You laughed at me when I asked you to marry me. I have searched half England to find you; and now I shall never leave you until you promise to be my wife. You may look at me. You think me mad. I may be. I have been mad, they say, since you played with me. But I am sane now, and you must listen to me."

She foresaw that she had a hard battle to fight, and that she must do the best she could.

What took place between them no one ever knew. What was the secret of his power over her no one ever understood. She walked with him for more than an hour, and then she raised a white tired face to his.

"You will now let me go, Andrea," she said. And he watched her as she re entered the house.

The beauty and exultation had all left her now. She undressed hurriedly, and flung herself, tired in body and mind, upon the bed.

She drew the blue and white shawl from her head, and folded her hands in it. Soon the dark eyes closed, and the beautiful woman slept. Soon dreams gave her back her happiness, and she smiled while her hands lay warm and still, folded in the pretty shawl.

What that night saw only Heaven knew, but one thing was quite certain—day never dawned for her.

* * * * *

It was late the next morning when the household began to stir. Lady Fraser's maid Julie waited some time before she knocked at her mistress's door, and then there came no answer. She went away, thinking that her mistress slept and did not wish to be disturbed. But the morning wore on, and she grew anxious at last. She could hear no sound, and could get no answer. She went in search of Lady Rosedene, who smiled when she heard the maid's story, but finally shared her anxiety. They went together to the widow's room, but all endeavors to rouse the sleeper were ineffectual.

"We must have the door opened," said

Lady Rosedene, with a pale scared face. "What can be the matter?"

They fetched the butler, an old confidential servant of Lady Rosedene's, and he broke open the door.

Then followed the wailing and shrieking of women, speedily succeeded by the horror and anger of men. For the beautiful Lady Fraser lay dead, stabbed to the heart—stabbed in such a manner that she must have suffered little pain. Her closed cold hands clutched Hyacinth Vane's shawl, and to the fringe of the shawl was fastened one of the blue cornflowers that she had worn on her dress. The servants tried to remove the shawl, but the dead hands clasped it with the clasp of death.

To one and all the same awful thought came. The young girl who had threatened her rival's life had surely accomplished her end; and there in the dead woman's hand, by the will of Heaven, was left the proof of her guilt. Her own words rang in all ears—"I shall kill her if she takes my lover from me!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Genius in a Cellar.

BY A. C.

DARKLY breaking the reach of valley-land between the riverside and the hills beyond, wooded and topped with moonlight, stood an old fashioned house of stone, looking proud and lonesome in spite of the many broad windows so finely illuminated by the moon. From within but one light was shining, and that faintly, seeming veiled by window-draperies or otherwise shaded down.

A little westward from the house, and drawn up on one side of the river stood a handsome coach, to which two spirited and impatient horses were attached and guarded by footman and coachman, who seemed to reflect in their persons and equipments something of the consequence of the master.

"Hark!" one said, suddenly, "I heard a voice."

"So did I," replied the other, "and yonder under that low elm I see something white—ghosts or thieves are about—shall we alarm the house?"

At this moment two gentlemen emerged from the main entrance of the house—there was a fluttering of white draperies for a moment, a few soft words, and the door closed, and the two gentlemen, arm in arm, and apparently in confidential talk advanced toward the carriage. They were soon arrested, however, and the suspicions of the waiting men communicated.

The elder of the two gentlemen thrust his hand through his white hair, and swore a round oath that it was as much as any man's life was worth to trespass upon his grounds at that time of night without liberty. He then started and doubled his fist in a threatening manner as the moon broke through the clouds, for seated on the turf before him was his daughter, and close beside her the lover whom he had forbidden her to love.

"Wait," whispered the young man, seeing the hostile intentions of his companion; "let us hear the full extent of their attachment."

"No, Hartley," said the girl in tremulous tones; "no, we must not thus meet again. If my father (you know his pride, Hartley) knew of this, he would deny me shelter—perhaps even disown me. I know he is wrong, and that you are all that is kind and virtuous, but I am his child, and Mary you know is going to be married, and I must not leave him alone."

"Isabel, dear, sweet Isabel, "spoke the young man, clasping her close to his bosom, "do not shut out all hope—I will wait and work for years, till I shall be worthier of you, only say there is hope anywhere this side of the grave."

"God knows my heart, I love you," said the girl, freeing herself from his embrace; "let this be your comfort—I cannot give you more."

"One last kiss, then," and as the young man bent forward to receive it, a heavy blow struck him to the earth, and a voice exclaimed, "there! so much for your presumption."

"O, my father! O, Hartley! you have murdered Hartley!" cried the girl, kneeling beside the prostrate man, and wiping the blood from his forehead with her hair.

"Isabel," called the stern voice of the father, "rise this moment and leave the wretch to his merited fate; rise, I say."

But the girl, for the first time in her life regardless of her father's voice, lifted the head of her stunned and bleeding lover upon one knee, and calling him all tender names kissed him over and again.

"Outcast!" exclaimed the father, striking her delicate cheek roughly with his hand, "and so you refuse to obey me! Be it so; from this hour you are none of mine!" and turning on his heel he drew the arm of his companion within his own, and withdrew in stately and solemn indignation.

If the old man heard the stifled cry of "father, father," he seemed not to hear, and was presently making his adieus to the person for whom the coach was waiting with all the formal civility which was his habit.

The breakfast the next morning in that lonesome old house, was a silent one. When it was finished the father said: "Mary my daughter, you will be sufficiently considerate of my wishes, I hope, to remove all tokens of grief for her who was your sister, and from this time let her name never be mentioned between us." The daughter choked back something like a sigh, and replied that her father's will should in all respects be hers.

While father and daughter were thus breakfasting in the early morning light, two persons might have been seen approaching the quiet parsonage house, seven miles away. A young man and woman, both pale and silent. At the stile they paused, and the girl adjusted with her bare, white hand the heavy chestnut locks which hung disordered down her forehead. Then they passed on and entered the house.

And here we must leave time to do its work, and at the taking up of the thread of our story three years have gone by since Isabel and Hartley were married.

For one moment only we will glance back. The old stone house, silent and shut now, has seen a wedding and funeral since we were there last. A gay bridal procession has gone out from the closed door, and the same coach which stood in the moonlight on the evening of our story has borne away Mary, a bride.

And again, passing slowly and solemnly, a long, dark train have gone forth from the house, bearing foremost of all the master, in stately repose. He died bequeathing his immense fortune to Mary, who had married worthily, as he said, and without having once spoken the name of Isabel, whose only fault was that she loved a poor artist.

It is night again—the wild, windy night of mid winter—and it is with the great commercial metropolis of our country that we have now to do. The same wild middle of the night has darkened the great city—in huts and hovels and damp cellars and windy garrets weary, worn out laborers and dirty children and lean, drunken mothers have shivered themselves asleep in unwholesome straw, piled together for the sake of warmth and snarling spitefully even in sleep.

We will single one from the number and go in. It is literally a cellar—the one small window, quite below ground—the wooden stairs dirty and unlighted, the rat eaten door, paintless and uninviting. A chair or two, a small table, a bed and an easel complete the furniture. Before the burning sticks sits a young man clothed in threadbare habiliments. If he were out in the same sweet moonlight you would scarcely recognise the Hartley of three years ago. A low moaning disturbs his revery—softly he approaches the bed and bends down with all a lover's tenderness. Can that thin white cheek which he kisses be that of Isabel? She turns and opens her eyes, all the old love-light is there, but they are so sunken.

"My dear wife," speaks the young man, "you seem a little better—a little cordial would revive you. Great God if you were only well I could do anything."

He wipes his eyes with his hand, and turns his face away, for he sees that, like a hungry child, she has put her fingers in her mouth. There is no disguising it—she is dying of want, as her baby did a month ago.

For a moment the husband stood irresolute and the next, as one who is gathering up his energies for some desperate stroke, he locked his hands together and smiled such a smile as seemed to defy all opposition. The next moment he was in the street. Suddenly from the door of what seems to him almost a palace, a man comfortably enveloped in cloak and furs emerges, forces the door round softly, and springing into the vehicle which awaits him drives away—he seems a physician. Hartley who from a shadow has been observing him, ascends the steps—temptation meets temptation—the door is unlatched, and opening it he ascends at once the broad stairs. The soft carpet gives no echo to his tread though he walks boldly, and at the first landing, finding a door slightly ajar, he enters. It is a sick chamber, but how unlike the one he has left; surrounded with every appliance that luxury could devise or wealth gratify, sits a fair young mother by the bed of her child, asleep, just now. On the sofa some one is lying, apparently asleep, too. The gentle watcher startled at the footfall, turns suddenly round, and seeing the thief, as she supposes him to be, holds up one hand entreating silence, at the same time indicating her sleeping child. On tiptoe she approaches, and taking from her pocket a purse, which seems well filled, places it in the man's hand, indicating by gestures that she cares not what he takes so that he disturbs not the child whose disease is at a crisis which demands entire repose.

The nobility of the woman's nature strikes his own, for, till turned from his natural bent by poverty he was noble, too, and with the old impulse rising superior to everything he threw down the purse and retired as silent as he came.

The man who had seemed sleeping on the sofa arose and followed the robber. But the pursuer shivered most, and walked with a less manly tread; even hesitating, and once or twice turning back when he saw into what a wretched and gloomy quarter he was being taken.

Wide awake Isabel has been lying all this time, listening and listening for the returning step. She grew restless, and then terribly wretched. A vague and tormenting fear haunted her like a nightmare.

"Isabel," called the voice of her husband; in her anguish she had not heard his approach. "Isabel, my wife, I have been gone to rob or steal, but I could not, even for you, sweetest, and am come back empty handed, but, thank God, innocent."

"Innocent, innocent!" repeated the wife, and with supernatural strength she sat upright, and reaching out her wasted arms clasped her prodigal, cooing to and kissing him as if he had been a baby. It is no wonder they did not see the man who had thrust his hand through the broken pane, and pushing aside the paper curtain was gazing, awe struck, within. They did not see this, but they heard a low rap on the door, and responsive to the fearless "come in," for they had nothing to lose, saw and recognised the husband of Mary.

"Have mercy on me!" exclaimed Hartley falling prostrate, "You see what tempted me; and Heaven knows I did not know it was your house I entered. I brought nothing away—you are welcome to search."

"My brother, my own brother!" and the voice of the proud man trembled, "do not ask me to forgive you who cannot forgive myself. I have been feasting while you have starved—I have been lodged in splendor and you here. Your rightful inheritance shall be restored but let us not talk of that now. Isabel, I will ask your pardon when I have done something to merit it."

I need scarcely say that something was done—that the portion of the younger daughter was restored. The heart of Mary was pierced to its depths by the death of her only child, after which the sisters became more to each other than they had ever been before, while Hartley became one of the greatest artists of the day.

STREET LIFE IN PEKIN.—It is scarcely possible to imagine without having witnessed it, the scene which the commercial streets of Pekin exhibit every day. The busy, bustling crowd, the horses, mules carriages hand barrows and sedan chairs all mixed in inextricable confusion and among them the itinerant dealers some with hampers containing the stock in trade suspended around their necks, others standing before portable stoves, on which they cook the viands they vend.

These and many others are to be seen in the street, not silently offering their wares, but endeavoring to attract the attention of possible buyers by shrill, ear piercing cries, and loudly vaunting the low price and superior quality of the commodities. The barber with his little bell summons all who have not performed their toilets to be shaved in the open air. He motions his customers to a low seat, with one turn of the hand lathers his head, and dexterously performs with his triangular razor; he then paints his eyebrows, and adjusts his tail, brushes his garment, and receiving a small fee, sends him away satisfied.

Often a crowd collects to listen to a story-teller, or a singer, to watch the tricks of a conjuror, or to hear of the marvellous properties possessed by certain drugs and medicines sold by a loquacious quack; but suddenly there is a stir amongst the assemblage, which hurriedly disperses or draws to one side, leaving room for the passage of some grandee who, seated in his chair and surrounded by numerous attendants, expects all inferiors to make way at his presence.

Guards of soldiers are stationed day and night in the principal thoroughfares, with strict orders to use their whips on all, without distinction, who are disorderly or betray the slightest inclination to quarrel; besides this, every street is divided into sections of ten houses, which are each under the surveillance of one of the inhabitants, deputed by the authorities to fill the office of tithing-man.

IN St. Petersburg more than 600 persons of the noble or privileged classes are under arrest to be deported to Siberia without trial. In one of the temporary Governor Generalships in the south of the empire (Odessa) sixty privileged persons have been already sent to Siberia without trial, and 200 persons of this class are under arrest to be judged. So great is the number of persons of this category to be exiled, that a practical difficulty is said to have arisen in connection with their deportation. A noble or privileged person, who has not been judicially sentenced, when sent to Siberia, by the orders of the Third Section, or Secret Police, must be escorted by two gendarmes, it being against the laws to manacle a privileged person who is uncondemned. It appears that there are not gendarmes enough thus to escort the number of persons to be deported, and the Ministry of Secret Police has proposed to get rid of this difficulty by sending the privileged persons fettered like ordinary criminals. On the other hand, the officials are opposed to any such course.

ODessa wheat is gaining favor in Iowa; it yields enormously.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

"THE TUNE THE OLD COW DIED OF."—This is a story of a piper who finding himself short of provender for his cow undertook to appease her hunger by playing her a comfortable and suggestive tune. As to what the tune was precisely the authorities differ. But in spite of the tuneful philosophy of the piper his experiment shared one fate with that of the economist who tried to make his horse happy with shavings by putting green spectacles on the beast—the cow died.

PISTOIA THE PITILESS.—The city of Pistoia, in Italy, is called "The Pitiless," because, as the local tradition asserts, the city was founded by the soldiers of Catiline, and here it was that they were hemmed in and cut to pieces between the armies of Antony and Celer, fighting to the last. So great was the slaughter, tradition tells us, that a fearful pestilence was brought upon the region by the unburied bodies, and some author attributes the old name of the place, 'Pestoria," to that epidemic. Be that as it may, the story of Pistoia is clouded with death and war from first to last. Here it was that pistols were first made, and hence they got the name.

LONGEVITY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.—The iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bones. The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers and fire boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles and other parts, thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired and does not condemn a whole locomotive to the junk shop, while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this country, where horse flesh does not find its way to the butchers' shambles.

TITLES QUANTITATIVELY CONSIDERED.—A Duke as is generally known is styled 'His Grace.' The next nine steps, from Marquises to Barons, both inclusive, are 'Lords;' a Marquis being 'Most Honorable.'" The five lowest steps are simply 'Honorable." In the case of younger sons of Dukes and Marquises the title 'Lord' is placed before the Christian name, which must be expressed either in full or at least by one initial. For instance it is quite incorrect to write or speak of Lord George Hamilton as 'Lord Hamilton." Newspapers often commit this error. 'Lord G Hamilton" may be written, or "Lord George" either written or spoken; but 'Lord Hamilton" could not mean a peer or a peer's eldest son.

A PEANUT ROMANCE.—Even the peanut trade has its romance, it seems. A wholesale fruit dealer in Hartford Conn., found in a bag of peanuts the other day one with a tag tied to it, which was fastened together by a thread. On the tag was written:

'Open the nut and take out the slip of paper; give it to the prettiest girl in your place and request her to do as the note says. The writer is a man of means, and connected with a large establishment in Norfolk, Va."

The note was then opened, and upon a small slip of paper, in fine writing, was the following:

"Whoever finds this nut give it to a pretty girl and request her to write to P. O. Box 123 Norfolk, Va., for mutual benefit. Am a young business man."

THE ZULU ASSEGAI.—The shaft of this instrument of warfare is about five feet long and about as thick as a man's little finger. It is made of wood, not unlike mahogany, brittle and elastic, the latter quality giving the spear a vibratory motion, on which its accuracy of flight depends. The head of the weapon is generally blade shaped, with a raised edge along the centre, concave on one side and convex on the other, being like the feathers of an arrow. The tang of the head is made red hot and so burns its way into the wood, around which a band of wet rawhide is bound; that contracting as it dries the head is as firm as an iron ring. The Zulus fling these weapons with great accuracy, and they carry oval rawhide shiels impervious to these darts to cover their entire bodies. Besides three or four missile assegais a Zulu soldier carries a shorter and stronger stabbing assegai.

THE SACRAMENTAL RING.—Such a ring is sometimes called a sacramental shilling, being often made out of a single shilling bought out of the offertory. A ring made of money offered in the church was thought to cure epilepsy and fits. So late as 1834 a case is recorded in England of a woman who got herself a sacramental ring in the following manner: She attended the afternoon service, accompanied by thirty young men, her near neighbors. When the service was over she sat in the porch of the church and each of the thirty dropped a penny into her lap, except the last, who gave her half a crown. Taking the twenty-nine pennies and one of her own, she put them into the poor box, and with the half crown in her hand walked three times round the communion table. She afterwards had it made into a ring, by wearing which she firmly believed that she would recover her health.

MALCOLM AND ME.

BY LYDIA M. TENNEY.

By a shady old brook, on a summer's day.
Through the cloud and the shadow, in fancy I stray—
(While the hush of the noon makes solitude there,
Save when the church clock chimes the note on the air),
And once more on the waters reflected, I see
Two happy young forms—brother Malcolm and me.

There's the same old flat stone at the bend of the brook,
Where, tired with rambling, our luncheon we took,
And the gnarled old willow, so sober and dark,
Bears our names, by his jack-knife cut deep in the bark.
O, the trout in the clear stream, the birds on the tree,
Were less happy and careless than Malcolm and me.

When the tree made long shadows on valley and hill,
How often we've stole down the lane to the mill—
While the deepening twilight cast o'er us its spell—
And begged the old miller a story to tell.
So, with kisses for each, and a seat on his knee,
He recounted old legends to Malcolm and me.

In the calm Sabbath hours, with young hearts intent,
In the shady old church, o'er prayer-book we bent—
While the golden locks shaded his sweet, solemn eyes,
And his pure, thoughtful brow wore a look of the skies;
O, I feared all the while, so holy was he,
That the angel would come, between Malcolm and me!

The grass by the brookside grew withered and brown,
And the leaves from the willow dropped silently down—
Then no longer our walks down the still lane we took,
Nor sat on the stone at the bend of the brook;
There were sighing and tears 'neath our humble roof-tree,
For the angels had parted dear Malcolm and me!

Years have fled since my darling went back to the skies,
But still I remember his blue, solemn eyes—
His pure forehead, shaded by soft, golden hair,
And his spirit unsullied by sin or despair;
O, never a memory so hallowed can be,
As that which unites brother Malcolm and me!

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—[CONTINUED.]

"NOW look at this drawing"—he produced the crayon—"it bears date June 27th, 18—, and is signed Leonora Jesuita-Maria de Caldara, and a witness, Margaret Arundel. Is the first your name?"

"Yes—Leonora Jesuita-Maria are my Christian names."

"It is written here that you drew it. Is that so?"

"Yes. I drew it at school one half holiday. I did it before I ever again saw the man I had seen on that 21st of September escaping."

"Then you mean to say that when you drew this it was from memory, eight years after the murder, and before you again saw the same face?"

"Exactly—before I again saw the man at Forest Moor."

"Before you again saw the man at Forest Moor," said the attorney-general, for the first time repeating the words of the witness, and with an emphasis on each word. "Did the lady whose name is here signed see you draw it?"

"Yes; and it was Margaret Arundel who told me that it was her guardian's nephew Arthur Vivian; and then I arranged with her to spend the holidays with her at Forest Moor, she engaging that his wife, Eveline (who has since died) should ask me; then I went."

"When did you go to Forest Moor?" asked the attorney-general, after a pause, during which the crayon was handed up to the bench and the jury.

"I went down on the 17th of August," answered Leonora; "my husband's solicitor Mr. Seymour, can prove that, for he took me down to the station, and put me into Mrs. Vivian's brougham."

"What did you do there, at Forest Moore?"

"I tried to find the stolen jewels, which I was convinced Arthur Vivian had in his possession, because they were too marked to be safely parted with. I searched everywhere in vain, till one night, after I had been there six weeks, I found them concealed at the top of a column of the cloisters, and I sent them in the morning to town to my guardian."

"What happened that day?"

"The evening of that day I went to the bridge near the station to wait for the train. It was getting dusk when the prisoner came up to me there; and, after some words, charged me with falseness."—"Was that all?"

"No; he said, 'You have taken a box from the cloisters;' and, when I acknowledged it, he drew a stiletto, and stabbed me."

"And what then?"

"I knew no more; the wound was nearly fatal."

"That will do for the present."

The judge leaned forward, and asked. "Are these jewels, and the stiletto, and pistols in court?"

"Yes, my lord," answered Sir Henry, handing them up. "Mr. Beresford, do you cross-examine?"

"Yes, Sir Henry;" and Beresford rose.

"Lady Egerton, how old were you at the time of the murder?"

"I was just six years old."

"Very young to remember so very distinctly," said Beresford, with a sneer; "perhaps, Lady Egerton, you can also remember how it was that, being in a crib in the corner, you could see the window?"

Leonora's astute mind detected his aim, and the slightest shadow of a smile crossed her grave face as she said, quietly, "Certainly I can explain: and, if words are not plain enough, I can in a minute give you a sketch of the room, to the accuracy of which my husband can swear."

"Explain it, then, if you please."

"It is very simple. Lady Egerton's bed was so placed that the foot was towards the window, and my little crib was in the corner to the left of the bed, looking from the window, so that by raising myself even a little the whole of the window was plainly and broadly visible."

"I think, Mr. Beresford," interposed the judge mildly, "that the witness has very clearly explained that point."

Beresford bowed and turned again to Leonora.

"You stated, I think, that the man you say you saw looked back, and that you saw his face—now, how could you see him at night?"

"I suppose," said Leonora, with quiet irony, "that Mr. Beresford has heard of such a thing as a light in a bedchamber at night, especially where children come in question. There was a lamp in the room."

Beresford bit his lip, but went on.

"Were you awoke suddenly?"

"Certainly."

"Then you awoke, of course, in great agitation and alarm, perhaps not thoroughly awakened at first?"

"On the contrary, I was broad awake at once, and saw the man glaring in, though he did not see me. The whole circumstances were calculated to engrave that face indelibly on my mind, and that crayon is the best proof that they did so."

"Now we come to that very crayon," said Beresford; "how was it that if your memory was so very clear you did not draw a likeness before?"

"Simply because, till the period at which I did do it, my knowledge of drawing was insufficient to the task. It is more difficult to draw a likeness from memory than with an original before you."

"Especially when such a very long time has passed since the original was seen," said the counsel, with another sneer; "it is dated June 27. Now has not June been written instead of August, quite by accident of course nothing more than a mistake."

"No," replied Leonora, coolly, "I made no mistake. June is meant, and in June it was drawn. Moreover, Mr. Rothesay can swear to having seen it my hands in Florence on the twelfth of August, and it is easy to prove that I did not go to Forest Moor till the seventeenth."

The judge here interposed in the same gentle, courteous manner.

"Lady Egerton, think well before you answer me. Are you sure that you have nowhere seen the face you have drawn except in the September of 18—, or between that date and the August of 18—?"

"Nowhere, my lord. I saw his face that September night, and I never saw it again till I went to Forest Moor. On this point I am positive."

Beresford began to lose all hope of confusing the clear-headed witness he had got hold of, but he made another attempt to throw doubt on her evidence by baring the deception she had practised.

"Lady Egerton, did you go to Forest Moor under your own name?"

"I did not. I assumed that of Jesuita della Castro."

"Then you went under false colors, and having regularly concocted a scheme of deception?"

"I did," she replied emphatically.

"In fact," added the counsel, "you, a Spanish lady of birth, acted the part of a detective."

"Just so, if you like to call it so," said Leonora, with imperturbable coolness.

"That will do," said Beresford, giving it up as hopeless, and Leonora, with a secret smile at his baffled look, returned to her place at any rate for the present, and Margaret Arundel was called. She gave her evidence calmly and consistently; nor could any cross-examining shake her, though Beresford tried to show that the jewels might have been in Leonora de Caldara's possession when she came to Forest Moor, but he failed, of course. She said positively that the jewels were not in Leonora de Caldara's possession when she came to Forest Moor, for she had herself unpacked all her luggage."

"Had she no jewellry at all with her?" Beresford asked.

"No, nothing but a couple of brooches and a signet ring which she has now on her finger," was the reply.

As Margaret's evidence was only in the main to confirm Leonora's evidence, we will not give it at length. Egerton was next called.

"I have only a few questions to ask you, Sir Angelo," said the attorney-general. "Do you recollect when your wife, then only your ward, finally left school?"

"Yes; in the summer of 18—, nearly two years ago."

"Do you remember the precise date you fetched her?"

"I did not fetch her myself. I was then in the ministry, and could not leave town. My friend Mrs. Rochester, kindly fetched home my ward when she fetched her own daughter."

"And do you remember the exact date?"

"I do not. I think it was on the 29th of June; but I am certain that she was at home on the 2nd of July, because that night I took her down to the House to hear a debate. I got her a Speaker's order, the date of which is July 2."

"You are sure of that?"

"Quite."

"Now, Sir Angelo, when did you first see this crayon?"

"It must have been on the 1st of July."

"Why on that day?"

"Because I distinctly recollect that my ward showed it to me the day before the one I took her to the House of Commons."

"And when did your ward leave you to go to Forest Moor?"

"Early on the 17th of August."

"Then you saw the crayon drawing before she went to Forest Moor?"

"Most certainly," was the decided answer.

"I will not trouble you any further."

"Do you cross-examine, Mr. Beresford?" added Sir Henry, turning blandly to his opponent.

"No, Sir Henry."

"Who do you call next, Mr. Attorney?" inquired the judge.

"The next witness I call, my lord, is Mr. Rothesay." The artist rose, took the oath, and entered the witness box.

"Your name," began Sir Henry Seton, "is Julian Rothesay."

"No!" was the startling and unexpected reply. "I have for many years passed by the name of Rothesay, but my real name is Julian D'Arcy, of Friar's Lea."

The counsel looked surprised, but bowed and went on.

"Do you recollect where you were on the 21st of September, 18—?"

"I was in Brightstone."

"Why were you there then—did you live there?"

"No; I was there that day to settle some affairs for an old friend which required secrecy, and were of a nature that made me wish not to use or act in my own name, and I assumed for the time the name of Doria, with a corresponding disguise."

"Had you any weapon upon you any time that day or night?"

"Yes; before I left London I bought a pistol of Pistols manufacture, of Mr. Everard of Bond Street. I had that upon me on the 21st of September."

"Did you buy only the one pistol or the pair?"

"Only one; its fellow had been sold."

"Can you remember where you were somewhere about midnight of that 21st of September?"

"Yes; I was passing down Water Street. I had entered it through an alley opening by the Catholic chapel, and as I emerged I saw a man run round the corner. That was just as St. Mary's clock began striking twelve. I crossed, and as I did so I saw on the pavement under the window of the corner house a pistol lying. I picked it up, and was surprised to find it hot, and the exact fellow to my own. At that moment a cry of murder was raised, and I was seized."

"Do you remember what followed? I don't mean details."

"I recollect details as well, but broadly I can state what followed. I was examined before a magistrate and committed for trial, but I escaped from prison and fled abroad. I have been an exile for ten years."

"Did you know the deceased lady or her family?"

"Yes; my father, Colonel D'Arcy, left me when a child in the care of Sir Reginald Egerton, and at the time of Lady Egerton's death I was her son's ward."

"Mr. D'Arcy," said the foreman of the jury, "why was it that you fled and lived as an exile instead of taking your trial?"

"Because," said Julian D'Arcy, "I preferred exile to dishonor. I could not clear myself save by betraying my friend and my name, and even then the evidence against me was so very strong that if law had acquitted me a stain would have been upon my name."

"Now, Mr. D'Arcy, look at these two pistols," continued Seton, producing them; "you see they are a pair. Can you tell the one you bought from the one you picked up?"

Julian took the pistols and examined them carefully and closely.

"No, I cannot," he said.

"That will do."

The other witnesses called were Mr. Everard, who swore to having sold one pistol to Julian D'Arcy, and its fellow to a person whom he identified as the prisoner in the year and month of the murder; and a clockmaker named Morley, who proved having made the clock of the Catholic chapel at Brightstone, and having repaired it shortly before the same eventful period. His examination closed the prosecution, and Mr. Beresford rose to reply, while Sir Henry leaned back in his seat and whispered to Sir Angelo, who was close to him, "They'll make nothing of it, Egerton. I cannot sufficiently compliment your wife for her steady unflinching evidence; indeed all our witnesses behaved admirably."

Beresford was now opening his defence, in one of his brilliant if not always very logical speeches. He admitted the murder, there was no help for that—admitted that it was committed at twelve o'clock by St. Mary's clock; but he said that it was ten minutes fast, and St. Catherine's right. The witness, Lady Egerton, who drew the crayon drawing, might have seen the prisoner in a hundred places, and mistaken him for the face she saw or fancied she saw glare into the room. She was a Spaniard, and the Southerns were confessedly very imaginative. She was at that time a very young child, awoke suddenly from sleep, and most likely in the alarm and horror of the moment, either imagined she saw a face, or if she really saw one, her imagination invested with it characteristics the original never possessed.

This address went on to weaken as far as possible the weight of the other evidence adduced; and Mr. Beresford then proceeded to call witnesses to prove, if he could, an alibi, by means of the landlord of the prisoner at Brightstone, and a clockmaker, whose evidence he used to show that the exactness of the clock of the Catholic chapel, on which so much depended, could not fairly be relied on. But, though the counsel did all that man could do for his client, it was plain that he felt himself even that his case was a hopeless one.

The defence was concluded, and the attorney general rose to reply. In one of his telling and well argued speeches he pulled to pieces in detail the evidence for the prisoner in a manner that nullified any slur that Beresford might have thrown on Leonora and Margaret, and he shortly summed up his argument as follows:—

"Now, therefore, gentlemen of the jury this is the case you have to consider. Lady Egerton swears positively to the prisoner; his face was so engraved upon her memory that years after she makes a speaking portrait of him, a portrait so exactly like that from the resemblance alone he was identified. It is said that she might have imagined it from the idea preying on her mind—she might have imagined a face; but it passes belief that she could have imagined the very face, and a face so singularly remarkable. Then the stiletto with which he attempted to murder Leonora Egerton is identified—stilettos are not usual in England, and you have the opinion given long before by the surgeon that Lady Egerton was stabbed with a fine instrument, like a stiletto, and the opinion given now that such a weapon as that now produced would have made such a wound as that inflicted on the late Lady Egerton, and you have the pistol found by Mr. D'Arcy traced to the prisoner. The only shadow of an attempt at a defence is an alibi, and that rests on which clock was right. I say if you were in doubt about that even, you cannot doubt the positive testimony of Lady Egerton, and the corroboration afforded by having the instrument of death. You must rather suppose that the witnesses for the prosecution are wrong in their recollection but even on that point the evidence for the prisoner is most improbable. The question is—which of two clocks was right? You are asked to believe that a new clock, by the first maker in London, set twelve hours before the hour in question, had gained ten minutes in that short space of time; instead of believing that an old clock, by a second-rate maker, set seven days before had lost ten minutes. If the other evidence was not conclusive you could have no doubt which view to take on this question. But I say that the other evidence is absolutely overwhelming, and I leave the matter in your hands, anticipating that you can find but one verdict."

Sir Henry Seton sat down, and then the judge summed up, with that nice critical balancing of facts and impartiality which does so much honor to the judges of England. He recounted all the evidence, and concluded by saying, "that if the jury thought St. Mary's clock right, they must then consider the other evidence; but if they thought St. Catherine's clock right, and

were satisfied that Gibson and his wife had made no mistake, then, despite the other evidence, they must acquit the prisoner. If they came to the former conclusion, they must consider the evidence regarding the crayon drawing, and whether they believed that Lady Egerton had made it from a distinct recollection, or whether the likeness could be attributed to chance or imagination."

The jury retired, and there was silence. Vivian leaned coolly back with apparent carelessness, but in reality sick and faint with the agony of suspense—so an hour that was like years passed, and then the jury reappeared. The judge asked the usual question, and you might have heard a pin drop as the foreman spoke—"Guilty!"

A dead, fearful silence for a moment, then—"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be pronounced upon you?"

"If I have, it is useless," said Vivian, recklessly. "No, I have nothing to say."

The judge calmly assumed the black cap and passed sentence of death, concluding in the usual manner, "May God have mercy on your soul."

Then Vivian turned towards him, with all his devilish beauty in his dark face, and his fierce, dare-devil passions in his lurid black eyes.

"God!" said the atheist; "there is no God! I answered my judges as Couthon answered his, 'After death is nothingness.'"

CHAPTER XLVI.

ALONE now, indeed—alone with his dark atheism and his gloomy remorse, that through all his evil life had struggled vaguely with the devil in him—alone with his heavy guilt and the weight of the fearful defiance he had hurled against heaven!

There he sat, bending forwards, his head resting on his hands; his hair—that rich hair, whose beauty had been so fatal to himself—falling over his brow, and his lurid black eyes raised to the barred window with an expression of fierce, reckless defiance, and yet of agonised remorse, that was at once horrible and touching. He did not fear death, because he could not realise that he must die, and so believing that the grave was death, dreading the remorse that he could not crush, he took into his heart the doctrine of the Stoics—"That nature has placed the end of life as the summit of her gifts."

He did not fear death, but he dared not face eternity—he dared not acknowledge or believe in a God he had defied in every word, thought and deed of his lost life.

But, with all that, he feard the night worst of all; it closed in round him dark and gloomy and heavy. He had a vague dread of lying down, of sleeping, of the silence; he very darkness was filled with

An army of phantoms, vast and wan.

He could not shut them out; if he closed his eyes or looked round, it was the same; there, shadowy and dreamy, a strange mingling of the vision in the portrait and the original, was the Spanish face of Leonora, the watchful, sleepless eyes fixed on him sleepless and steadfast, as they had used to look at him in that time he remembered as a dark nightmare. He heard again Jesuita's dying cry, and saw her beautiful form bathed in her own life's blood; worse than all he saw his own shadowy likeness in the darkness, with all its devilish beauty and evil look; saw his own murderer's face gazing on him as it had looked back into the room that night ten years ago, and the atheist covered his face in shuddering agony and horror, striving to bury memory and thought in that sleep which when it came was not oblivion. His dreams were haunted by a regretful pale form that was his mother, and yet Eveline, and yet through all had the tender eyes and gentle loving face of the fair Italian wife he had abandoned—abandoned, though she was the only woman for whom he had ever had any real feeling like love, as distinct from the mere passing passion of the moment.

But with morning the gloomy shades which, to the assassin, had filled the night, vanished, and once more the man was the desperate atheist, fiercely refusing even to see the chaplain, saying "that he had lived without a priest, and would die without a priest!"

But presently his jailor again appeared. It was visiting time, he said, and there was a lady waiting to see him.

The idea instantly crossed Arthur's mind, and he demanded rapidly, "Is she tall, very dark, and foreign-looking?"

"No," the man answered; "she wasn't tall or dark, but she was foreign. Would he see her and the gentleman with her?"

He knew now who they were—his wife and father. "No," he said, turning his face away, "I will not see them, not one!"

But she was not to be repulsed; she had followed, and as the jailor came out, she glided past him; the door clanged to, and Arthur's wife was at his feet, her infant in her arms.

"Arthur, my husband, have mercy, have mercy, have pity; is not Genevra your wife?" pleaded the soft gentle voice.

But he turned his face aside and stretched out his arm to put her away.

"Keep back," he said, and through all the fierce recklessness of tone and gesture there struggled yet a strange glimmering of better feeling. "Keep back; you are a murderer's wife! Do you hear that? My hand is a blood-stained hand. Do not touch it with yours, so pure and stainless. Keep back, Genevra."

"I will not keep back," she replied. "I will touch your hand. At the altar I vowed to love you and cling to you, in joy or sorrow, till joy parted us twain, and I will not be put away in this your heaviest hour of need—I, your wedded wife and the mother of your child."

He started, and shrunk back shivering and covering his face.

"Take it away, Genevra. Don't let it touch me; my hand would wither it; my very look would blast it as with a living curse. Take it away."

"I will not," she said. "Oh, Arthur, it is your own son, your own child, and the touch, the look of the father cannot harm it."

She was kneeling at his feet, and Arthur Bertram turned, laid his slight hand on her shoulder and gazed into the tiny face lying on her bosom, into the large, soft dark eyes that met his own so wonderingly.

Who shall say what tide of feelings and memories of his own innocent childhood rushed back into his soul? If the boy had winced or shivered beneath his gaze—if it had even turned its eyes to its mother, or moaned—he would have turned away hardened, reckless, utterly lost; but the infant stretched out its tiny arms towards him and smiled in his face, that smile of perfect innocence and trust which was surely then God's silent whisper in that prison chamber.

"Genevra! Genevra! It has your face, but my mother's smile!" and suddenly and passionately Arthur clasped the little child to his breast, and the strong man, his reckless desperation subdued, his hard, fierce spirit broken down, bowed his head on that little child, and wept such tears as he had not wept since his childhoood; full of bitter remorse and anguish and regret, as they were, they had yet in them the tear of repentance which opened the Gate of Heaven.

"Oh, Genevra! wife whom I love, and have wronged, pardon me! and my father whose gray hairs I have dishonored, so that I dare not face him—entreat his forgiveness for his doomed son."

"My son, I am here!" said a voice, and though neither had heard him enter, Hugh Bertram stood before them.

Arthur recoiled as if struck, almost throwing the child into its mother's arms, and for a minute he stood so, and never perhaps had he looked so beautiful as he did at that moment, facing the father he had dishonored; so for a moment of dead silence, and then Arthur suddenly fell at his father's feet, murmuring unconsciously the words his childhood had heard from his mother's lips:

"Father, forgive me, for I am no longer worthy to be called thy son!"

The father laid his hand on the bowed head of his son.

"My son, my son, not to me, but to Him who has said, 'Thou shalt do no murder!' to the God whom you have offended and denied!"

Arthur Bertram sprang to his feet as if a scorpion had stung him.

"No," he said, with a look of wild despair; "it is too late. I have scoffed and disbelieved too long. I have lived an atheist, and my only hope is in dying an atheist. Shall I believe in your God to my own damnation?"

"Oh, Arthur, my son, child of my dead wife, believe, for your salvation! repent and turn to God, for 'he that comes to Him he will in no wise cast out! A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench!'"

"My crime is too great, my sin too heavy to be forgiven. I dare not believe in God," answered Arthur, veiling his face; "if I did he would cast me out into outer darkness."

"His mercy endureth forever," said the gentle priest. "'Joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.'"

Then the wife stole to his side, and gently laid the little babe on his breast, and the dark night of atheism fled before the holy light of God's smile of mercy and great love, and Arthur Bertram bowed his beautiful face and golden hair on his child, and from his very soul rose the appeal to Heaven:

"Oh, God! forgive me and have mercy on me a sinner!"

A lost life no more—lost no more, but saved.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE Memoir of Arthur Vivian Bertram is a short and sad one, for it is a story of evil and wrong, which he addressed to his wife, and sent afterwards to Angelo Egerton.

"You know my noble hearted father, Genevra, and know that no fault of his can have been the cause of my fall.

"My mother died when I was a child. If she had lived I might have been another being, for only she could charm to silence the demon which I believe was born in my very blood. Even as it is, her memory has been the one softer feeling which has saved me through all my evil life from being chained body and soul to perdition.

"But she left me the fatal gift of her beauty and powers of fascination; and those gifts have been my curse. I will not pain you, gentle wife, by details which can only wring your heart.

"I was sent to college, and there I became one of the worst set to which my evil nature attracted me."

"You wonder, Genevra, how unbelief ever wound its serpent coils around me. 'A third cause of atheism is a custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth little by little deface the reverence of religion.' So wrote our great philosopher. This was what made me a renegade to my angel mother's faith. I sneered and scoffed till I could no longer worship what I only treated and saw treated as a jest; so I learned to deny the existence of a Being I dishonored, and whose whole Revelation was a censure and a reproach to me; and when I stained my heart with blood I dared not believe; and I clung to my atheism as a drowning man clings to a slender straw, which break when he tests its strength.

"At eighteen I had left—fled from the college, and foresworn my father, and, lest he should trace and seek to reclaim me, I even dropped his name and went by another name. Before I was twenty I was the companion of professed gamblers, and even worse—let that pass; they had robbers amongst them, men whose trade was robbery, and that fatal September they arranged to rob Lady Egerton; and, as I was slight, agile, and utterly reckless, I was selected to do it.

"Oh, Genevra, that horrible night! What wonder that that little Spanish child so remembered my face? I did not mean to kill her; but she woke and saw me, and I stabbed her—she shrieked, and, in the wild desperation of the moment I shot her, seized that casket, dropped the pistol and fled. One of my accomplices had a swift horse on the beach, and so I reached home at twelve o'clock.

"Those fatal jewels! they were too marked; I dared not sell them—dared not even let my companion seee them, and next day I fled abroad, and for more than two years I never set foot in England. When I did, it was under the name of Arthur Vivian, my christian names.

"Leonora de Caldara, Lady Egerton, will have told you all she knows of me and my first wife, Eveline; if not, ask her to do so if you wish to know.

"I pass briefly over the rest of my story. I met Stephen Stanfeld in a gambling house and I got him in my power; for I, well versed in it, soon found that he used loaded dice. I thought his eldest daughter was her mother's heiress; and so she would have been, save that her grandfather had tied up his property when she married.

"I never cared for Eveline, and I soon left her. Poor Evie, her death lies heavy on me now! Heaven forgive me the wrong I did her. How I met you—how I deceived you, Genevra, you know too well—spare me that recital. I left you because I dared not remain long anywhere, and I could not trust even you with the secret of my residence. I came to London, for it is the safest hiding-place.

"Wonder, Genevra, what you will, what made me, a hunted man, go to the National Gallery to see that portrait whose fame had reached me—but I say it was no power of mine—it was a strong power that drew me there under the form of my own wish. I thought before my trial that it was my evil fate. I see now that it was God's merciful hand. You know all now, Genevra."

* * * * *

Later there came a short hurried letter, written in Italian.

"My husband, bow down before God, for his mercy is beyond comparison; you are saved! Angelo Egerton, the noble, generous Egerton, yielded to my prayer; his wife interceded for you, and then he said that Julian D'Arcy's name was clear; it was all he cared for, and for the sake of your father, of me, of our child, he will do all he can to save you. GENEVRA."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

YEARS have passed and rolled away on the score of time. Once more there are dissolving views passing before us like a vision.

See, in the distance on the verge of a primeval forest in the Far West, the sun is setting behind the distant mountains and shedding its gorgeous light on the plains and on every forest leaf; it falls too on a group there. There are not many. A venerable gray headed old man sits by the cottage door, with a fair boy, yet in childhood, at his knee, and he looks ever and anon, with a gentle smile, on a dark-eyed woman with a sweet face, who sits at the feet of a man yet young, and far more beautiful now than ever he was in past days. There is softened sadness now in his eyes and smile, and the setting sunbeams shine on his burnished hair, as he bends over his wife, and, then, turning, kneels at the old man's feet, and bows his golden head, whispering the touching appeal:

"Bless me, even me, O my father!"

* * * * *

The shades vanish in the mist and distance. There a crowd gathered before that tall, high house; they say it is a gaming-house, and that some one within has killed himself. Hush! they are carrying out the body; it is an old man, his hair is white, and the dead face looks horrible in the moonlight.

They whisper in the crowd that his name is Stephen Stanfeld.

A life lost—lost forever.

* * * * *

There is yet another scene that rises.

Once more the ancient castle of Falcon-tower rises grandly against the sky; but the yule-log blazes within, and a merry party are gathered there. See them all—Louis St. John and gentle Margaret; and his fair mother sits apart, with three beautiful children round her. Ask that dark, noble-looking boy, whose arm is round his little sister, what his name is and his sister's, and he will answer:

"Mine is Julian Egerton, and hers is Jesuita;" and that blue eyed boy beside him is Julian D'Arcy's only boy, Angelo.

They are all there—Austin and Marion Rochester, Walter Surrey and his wife Theresa, for her grandfather lies asleep far away.

There, side by side stand Angelo Egerton and Julian D'Arcy, looking down on Leonora, who sits by them with her youngest child, an infant, in her arms, and she looks up now and then with her old tender smile on her young, quiet face. Later, her son comes up and draws her away to the picture gallery, and stops before a large picture, whispering:

"Mother, what does it mean?"

The fair young mother bends down, and answers:

"Years hence, my son, when you are older, your mother's lips shall tell you the history of that portrait."

[THE END.]

A CONFESSION THAT TOLD.—Some years ago, in a Western town, a young lawyer, a member of a large church, got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He knew the members to be good people, but they had their faults, such as driving sharp bargains, screwing the laborer down to close wages, loaning money at illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, &c. But they were good people, and pressed the lawyer to come before the church meeting and own up his sin of taking a glass too much, for they were temperance people and abhorred intemperance. The sinner finally went to the confession, found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose and whose eyes glistened with pure delight as the lawyer began his confession. "I confess," he said, "that I never took ten per cent. for money." On that confession down went a brother's head with a groan. "I never turned a poor man from my door who needed food and shelter." Down went another head. "I confess that I never sold a skim milk cheese for a new one." Whereupon a woman shrieked for mercy. "I confess that I have not been pharisaical and self-righteous, and have not sought to injure or persecute those who have not happened to agree with me" when down dropped numerous heads. "I confess that I have never played the hypocrite, and I do not lie, and that I have not used religion as a cloak," when down went other heads, and among them the heads of the very ones who were so anxious that he should confess. "But," continued the sinner, "I have been drunk, and am very sorry for it." Whereupon the meeting quietly dispersed.

SYMPATHY.—Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety, but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river, and lessen into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide, but increase the flame; and, though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of Heaven, because they shine by numbers, by unions and confederates of light and joy.

Mrs. Asa B. Hutchinson, of Bangor, Me., one of the famous family of singers, has invested liberally in Colorado mining property. On their way to Leadville Mrs. Hutchinson purchased an undeveloped mine in Georgetown, and placed a number of men sinking the shaft, timbering up, etc. She has since received a dispatch from her agent, a prominent Georgetown citizen, who states that a bed of mineral many feet deep has been struck that in richness far surpasses anything ever before discovered in Colorado.

A wooden pier, sixty feet long, is in progress of construction at Asbury Park at the foot of Grand avenue. A handsome pavilion is to be placed upon it, and similar piers are to be erected at the foot of each of the avenues that open upon the beach.

THE DOUBLE SKEIN.

BY A. C.

On ere the throstle is out of the thorn,
Or the East a blush with a rosy break,
For she wakes earlier now of a morn;
Earlier now than she used to wake,
Such troublous meaning the sea-waves make.

She leans to her distaff a weary brow,
And her cheeks seem ready the flax to burn,
And the wheel in her hand turns heavier now,
Heavier now than it used to turn
When strong hands helped her the bread to earn.

She lists to the school-boy's laugh and shout,
And her eyes have the old expectant gleam;
And she draws the fine thread out and out,
Till it drags her back from her tender dream,
And wide and homeless the world doth seem.

Over the fields to the sands so brown,
And over the sands to the restless tides
She looks, and her heart lifts up and down,
Up and down with the boat as it rides,
And she cries, "God steady the hand that guides!"

She watches the lights from the sea-cliff go,
Bedazed with a wonder of vague surprise,
For the sun seems now to be always low,
And never to rise as he used to rise—
The gracious glory of land and skies.

She shrinks from the patter'd plash of rain,
For it taps not now as it used to do,
Like a fearful Spirit of Love at the pane,
And the grey mist sweeping across the blue
Never so lightly, chills her through.

So spins she ever a double skein,
And the thread of her finger all eyes may see,
But the other is spun in her whirling brain
And out of the sea-fog over the sea,
For still with its treasure the heart will be.

The Rose Pickers.

BY A. E. P.

A LARGE, airy room in an "otto of rose" factory in Vence, France.

A throng of workers, drawn by the rose harvest from the neighboring villages, are coming in.

At last all are seated, and begin to separate the petals from the stem and calyx.

Each girl has a basket to herself to receive the crimson leaves as they fall.

Most of the girls are of the French type; dark, with a red glow burning upon their brown cheeks, lustrious black eyes, and crisp curling black hair.

But here is a young creature fair as a lily, with eyes the shade of the sky on a cloudless June day, and hair like the silken corn flora.

She is a stranger, and works busily and silently, looking neither to the right nor left.

Madelon Peron is one of the three who have a permanent position in the factory. She is from the neighboring town of La Tourette.

For the first time she notices the wonderful beauty of the innocent face bending above her task.

She looks at the dark, sparkling face as though fascinated, with her red lips parted and her blue eyes shining like stars.

Then she smiles and nods in a friendly fashion, but Madelon does not return the courtesy.

Her face grows strangely troubled, for she has seen her lover, Louis Michaud, enter, and stand as though transfixed at the sight of Catherine.

He is one of the master's most trusted employees, and has come now to pay off the workers for the previous week's earnings.

All but Catharine rise and crowd around him

Madelon stands leaning upon her tall wicker basket, and watches him.

Her face clears involuntarily as she listens to him, now jesting with a smiling brunette, now patting a rosy child upon the head as he dispenses the coin.

"Who so noble and handsome as my own Louis!" she thinks "Ah! if he should ever cease to love me. Woe to the one who comes be'ween us!"

Even as this runs through her mind Louis turns and looks long and lingeringly at the stranger's beautiful face.

As the week draws to a close, day by day, Madelon grows more savagely jealous of the unconscious girl.

Louis seems strangely distracted and nervous, and her morbid fancy attributes it to a growing love for Catherine. If not, why does he study her face so frequently, and, as she thinks, furtively?

Madelon's old mother sits beside Catherine at her work, and many a rose sheds its fragrant petals into the aged woman's basket sent there by the nimble fingers of the gentle girl; so that never before has the widow Peron reaped such profits, for her withered fingers are shaky and weak, and can accomplish of themselves but little.

She has grown to look upon Catherine as she does upon the sunshine, and many a prayer does she tell over upon her beads for her

But to add to the insanity of Madelon's rage she finds Catherine the next morning talking earnestly to Louis, who listened with a rapt light shining out of his eyes and brightening his usually rather grave face.

As Madelon enters he smiles and beckons to her; but she turns away with a haughty gesture, muttering between her clenched teeth words both bitter and sinister Then she leaves the room and the factory, blind to all but her fancied wrongs.

Soon after the widow Peron comes in with an anxious look upon her wrinkled face.

She whispers to Catherine, whose sweet face pales as she listens; then she turns and says something to Louis.

His face clouds with sudden anger, but he whispers—

"Do not fear. I will go home with you and see that you are safe."

So that evening, Madelon, from her perch among the rocks, sees Louis and Catherine approaching.

Even in her frenzy she hesitates to harm them; but as if to punish her for her wicked thoughts, a huge stone is loosened by her foot as she creeps stealthily nearer the edge, and comes crashing down into the ravine.

A faint shriek, then all is still.

A sudden horror fills Madelon's heart.

Until this mad demon of jealousy had taken possession of her, she had been like all young things—for she was but sixteen—tender and loving to any one of God's living creatures; even to see a wounded bird would give her pain.

Now, cold and chill from the reaction, fearing she knew not what, she clenches her hand until the blood starts, and creeps down the narrow sheep path until she reaches the road.

Has she put out her lover's life?

Her eyes strained in agonised intensity until they become used to the dim light in the narrow gorge through which the two were passing.

Then she sees Louis, himself uninjured, holding in his arms the insensible form of her rival.

He looks up into her white face reproachfully.

"Madelon," he says, "you have tried to kill my sister. Why did you not wait this morning? I would have told you. I have just found out the truth. Oh, cruel, cruel girl, to try and put out this sweet life!"

With a shriek, Madelon throws herself on her knees beside them.

"As Heaven is my witness, I did not mean to do it. It was an accident; but"—shuddering violently—"hate is akin to murder, and by that judgment I am guilty; for I did hate Catherine. I thought she had won your love away from me. Punish me as you will; it is only just."

As he listens Louis's face clears.

"No one is hurt, Madelon," he says, gently; "Catherine has only fainted from the shock."

With a loud cry of joy Madelon rises from her crouching position, catches Catherine in her strong young arms, and carries her to a spring, whose crystal water trickles down the precipitous cliff.

Then she dashes water in the pale face, and gradually life and color come back to it. The blue eyes open, but close again with a convulsive shiver at sight of Madelon.

"Sweet Catherine," whispers the repentant girl, "forgive me and I will be your slave—your bond-woman for the rest of my life."

Louis's deep voice interrupts her—

"You may believe her, my sister," he says, tenderly. "Madelon did not understand. She thought I was growing fond of you with a lover's fondness. Ah, little one," drawing Madelon close to him, "didst not know thy Louis's heart was faithful even unto death?"

Then Catherine put her arms about the girl's neck and kissed her, whispering, in loving tones—

"I have wanted to love you from the first, but you would not let me."

All is soon explained.

Catherine's face had attracted Louis from its resemblance to his mother.

His own father had been a perfumer in Vence when a young man; but had heard of an opening in Edinburgh which promised well, and had gone thither.

Before the year had passed he had wooed and won a fair young Scotch girl; but he only lived a few years after Louis was born.

Scotland's cloudy skies had a baneful influence upon him, used as he had been to the clear, sunny atmosphere of southern France.

His widow married again, and the new husband's stern rule had driven Louis to desperation.

He was a sturdy, well grown youth, and he at last made up his mind to bear it no longer.

He ran away, his mind full of the beautiful France his invalid father had talked so longingly about, and at last succeeded in reaching Vence, the home of generations of his race.

The name Michaud was a passport to favor, and he soon found permanent employment, working up from one step to another until he had become an adept in his business

He had written to his mother; but owing to his letters failing to reach her, had, of course, received no answer, and gradually the memory of his childhood's home became like a dream, until Catherine's face recalled it.

He had not thought of questioning her, thinking the resemblance an accidental one, until he had come the morning of this very day to enter her name on his book. Then swiftly followed the discovery of their relationship.

Louis and Madelon are married, and their beautiful sister lives with them, loving and beloved.

Turning the Tables.

"CAN'T we do something for you, Emily, you look so dreadfully tired?" said her sisters, as they kissed her good night, on their return from an evening party.

"No, thank you, dears. A quiet sleep will be the best remedy for my headache."

"It is really too bad," said Jenny, as the girls sat, chatting after she had left them. "It is the heartache, not the headache, which makes Emily so pale. Harry's infatuation for that pretty little flirting widow, and the way he goes on, are intolerable. He scarcely left her side all the evening. I wanted to box his ears. If he were my husband, I'd teach him better."

"Yes," said Susie; "he would not find me disposed to play the part of a neglected wife; and then he would be the first to talk of the impropriety of a married woman receiving attentions from any one but her husband. Pshaw! he never takes her out for rides or drives as he used to do. I could never put up with it."

For some weeks picnics and parties were the order of the day; and Harry's devotion to Mrs. Darwin, the young widow, was unabated. Fond of admiration, she had no objection that her train should be increased by the addition of such an acknowledged connoisseur in beauty.

At this time, when Emily's cheeks were growing paler and paler, a letter reached her sisters, telling them of their brother Stephen's arrival from abroad.

"Capital, capital!" exclaimed Jenny, clapping her hands; "nothing could be better! Now, if Emily will consent, we can turn the tables on her husband nicely. Stephen and Harry have never met, so there will be no trouble on that account; and you know we have no photograph of him, because he said he wished to see if we would recognise him without one. I will write to Aunt Martha and get her to help us in our scheme, for Stephen must be well posted up in matters here. I dare say she will hardly approve of the remedy I propose; but peculiar diseases require peculiar treatment."

"Now you have stopped to take breath," said Susie, "perhaps you will enlighten me as to your or our, plans, as you call them. I am more than willing to do all I can to punish our very charming brother in law."

"Well," said Jenny, "instead of our all going home to meet Stephen, as Aunt Marina proposes in her letter, I shall suggest that he come here; not as our brother Mr. Stephen W. Armitage, but as Mr. William Stephen. It will only be a slight change in the name. He comes as a friend of ours—an old playfellow, if you like—whom we have not seen for many years; knew our brother abroad—brings messages and presents from him, &c. Harry will, of course, ask him to stay with us; then the way will be open. Emily was always his favorite sister; and, after a few days, he can become very attentive to her; and, as they will have a great deal to talk about, he can sit by her side, speaking in a low, soft tone, and then ask her to sing and play for him, just as Harry goes on with the widow. Oh, it will be capital fun!"

"Yes," said Susie; "if Emily does not object. But, if Stephen is to be so particular in his manner towards her when she is in company, she will never agree to it; for, although we all know he is her brother, no one here will have an idea of the kind—"

"Of course, we would not, for the world, compromise her. This little programme is entirely for the home circle, for Harry's special benefit. We are to dine at the Tilfords' this evening, and if he is as silly as usual about that pretty, empty headed little woman, I think I shall succeed in getting Emily to consent. I shall say nothing to her until I see the way clear; all will depend on the events of a few hours. I must confess I shall be heartily glad to punish Harry. I wish he could have the heartache, instead of poor, dear, sweet sister Emily."

A few days later, and Mr. Harcourt was introduced to an early friend of his wife and her sisters, a tall, handsome, distinguished looking man, Mr. William A Stephen Mr Stephen was soon at home in the family telling his host that he had always regarded the ladies as his sisters.

"I have always," he said, "kept up a correspondence with them, since I left home which was when I was quite a boy. Since Emily's marriage her letters have almost entirely ceased; but I have to thank her for many kind messages and remembrances, so that I knew I was not forgotten. We used to be," he added, "the best of friends. Don't you remember, Mrs. Harcourt," turning to Emily, with a smile, "that you promised to keep house for me?"

"Yes," she replied, returning his smile, and almost blushing, for her husband was looking at her very earnestly. "I have the drawing of the house you said you would build for me when you were a man, and Susie and Jenny were to come and stay with us."

"I have never forgotten them!" said their guest, and a half suppressed sigh escaped him. "I have thought of them often and often, and in my dreams those dear old days came back to me; and then you do not know—you cannot tell—how I longed for you all again!"

Mr. Stephen said "you all" but Harry fancied his looks and tones had a world of meaning in them as he turned to Emily.

"Confound me," soliloquized Harry, "if I don't think he was an old sweetheart of my wife's; he's more than half in love with her now! If he isn't, why doesn't he go out with the girls, instead of staying in the house, reading—mooning I call it—with her? If I see much more of such goings on I shall give her a bit of my mind. How much longer does the fellow mean to stay here? I was foolish to ask him at all; but I thought Emily was a sensible woman."

Several days passed, and still Mr Stephen said nothing about leaving. Two or three times, by his invitation, Mrs. Harcourt had ridden and driven out with him, notwithstanding Harry's gloomy looks.

Of course he had often offered the same attention to the widow; but that was the other side of the question; that was his affair; he had never asked himself whether his devotion to another was pleasant or agreeable to his wife.

"I won't have her riding all over the country," he said to himself, "with a fellow just because he used to be her old playfellow. She is a married woman, and it does not look right. It would be well enough for Susie or Jenny, but not for Emily; and I'll put a stop to it, or my name's not Harry. I wonder what they were talking about, when I came into the room this morning? I am almost sure I saw him touching her curls, confound his impudence!"

Harry forgot that he had a lock of the pretty little widow's hair in his vest pocket.

Harry had a fine tenor voice, and of late had devoted almost every evening to practising new songs with Mrs. Darwin; but having discovered that the ladies of the family usually spent some time in the music room, whilst he was absent, he resolved to remain at home, to be, as he thought, a check on them. Emily and Mr. Stephen sang several duets, the girls refusing to sing, except in the choruses, assigning as a reason that his voice and their sister's seemed made for each other.

All this was gall and wormwood to Harry who, sitting by, apparently engaged in reading, was carefully watching every word and look.

That his guest admired his wife was plain enough; his manner was even tender when he spoke to her; and it seemed to Harry as if he hung upon her words.

"I didn't know Emily was so pretty," said Harry, mentally. "What a nice color she has! I fancied she had lost all her good looks; but she is quite handsome to-night. I wonder what the fellow's saying to her, that makes her eyes sparkle so. Deuced rude to whisper in company. Why doesn't he speak out, unless 'tis something he don't want me to hear.

"Oh, Emily," said both girls, in a breath, as they rushed into her room one evening, "it will all come right. Harry spends all his evenings at home, except when we are all invited out, and we overheard the widow telling him last night that she should put his name down in her black book, for he had not called on her for more than a week, and had forgotten to send her the songs he promised."

A few days after, Emily came into the room where her sisters were

"Girls," she said, whilst the glad, bright light was dancing in her eyes, and her sweet face was lighted up with a smile of happiness, "Harry proposes that we shall all go to Aunt Martha's for a time. He thinks a change would be good for us. We shall go by way of Brentford, and stay there a few days; after which, we will join you at Aunt Martha's. Stephen can leave you there, if he thinks best, and return the week after. I dare say Harry and I will have got over our explanations by that time.

When Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt joined their friends, Harry discovered that there were two sides to a question and that he had quite enough of "Turning the Tables."

The harbor of Trincomalee swarms with gigantic sharks, and strange to relate they are all under British protection; and if any one is found molesting or injuring them the fine is £10 or an imprisonment. How this ridiculous custom originated is hard to say, but we are told that in the early days of British conquest in the east sailors were apt to desert and take refuge in the then inaccessible wilds of the interior; and of later years, when civilization has unbarred the gates of Cingalese commerce to all nations of the world, the soldiers of the regiment stationed at Trincomalee, discontented with their lot in life, were wont to speak of the thraldom of the service by swimming off to American and other foreign vessels, preferring chance under a strange flag to a hard certainty under their own. Thus the Queen's sharks are duly protected as a sort of water police for the prevention of desertion both from the army and navy.

A FUTURE DAY.

BY E. L. BAR.

A day will come, my darling,
Too early and too true,
When amid other dear ones
I'll look in vain for you.

A day when softest numbers
Will fail to charm my ear,
Because, 'mid other music,
Your voice I may not hear.

A day—e'en now its shadow
Falls on heart and brow,
When I shall miss the love-light
That makes my brightness now.

The day will come whose hours
Will pass so sad and slow;
Because you will not breathe me
Love whispers soft and low.

A day when fondly yearning,
I'll seek in vain your face:
And sigh for the enfolding
Of your soft arms' embrace.

O love, my heart is breaking,
And bitter tear-drops fall;
Come while I yet may linger,
Come to my heart's fond call.

The Flower's Answer.

BY M. B.

IT was St. Valentine's Eve, and the night of the fancy ball at Ashley Lodge. To and fro rushed brigands and ancient Romans, cavaliers and monarchs, in anxious search of the especial queen or peasant, heathen goddess or Scotch lassie, preferred by nineteenth century taste, while the belle of the room, Helen Ashley, stood unclaimed.

There were initials scratched on her programme opposite that valse—initials that were scrawled upon it in a good many other places, higher or lower—"H. G." standing for Hollis Gordon; and she was engaged to him for more than a passing dance.

Her valentine this year he had pledged himself to be—his wife, before this year should elapse, she had promised herself to him but ten short days ago.

Her clear, far sighted eye missed another face presently; and then, in very heart weariness, she turned from the happiness and the light, and with her long, classical draperies trailing around her, went out into the night.

He had given her some violets—her favorite flowers—given them with loving words and kisses just before the ball had commenced—just before the Langtons' carriage had rolled up. Mechanically she took the little clinging flowers one by one in her fingers, with the old foolish incantation on her lips, "He loves me—he loves me not."

One by one the flowerets fell to the ground one by one their fragrance flooted into darkness.

"He loves me—he loves me *not*!" and as the last blossom slipped from her hand, and the bitter last word was stifled in a sob, the stable clock struck the half hour after midnight, and Helen's ear caught the murmur of voices—of one voice, at least, the one she would have recognised amid a thousand—the one whose faintest tone she could have sworn to anywhere.

Captain Gordon was laughing and bending over his companion as they passed, so close to Helen, that had she not drawn her white robe closer round her, and shrank farther into the shadow of the trees, they might have touched.

Barbara Howard had a white fleecy shawl drawn over her black lace costume of "Night," and arranged coquettishly upon her golden hair.

She was clinging to her companion's arm, much closer than there was any necessity to do, and her bewildering eyes were gazing into his.

He was looking the reverse of bored, but gave a start as the music changed its finale.

"That can't be the valse?" Helen heard him say, as he stepped to look at his watch.

"By Jove, though, it is, and over!"

Miss Howard laughed very low and very sweetly. "And we are valentines, you and I—how comic! But do you mean to say you had a prior engagement, and forgot it!"

"Was I likely to remember it with you by my side?" and Helen involuntarily pressed her hand on her heart, then up the terrace steps they passed from her sight, and she stood there alone again in the moonlight, with the scattered violets at her feet.

Miss Ashley's absence had been much noticed and much discussed before she reentered the ball room; but, without trace of consciousness or catastrophe, she came gliding in at last.

Captain Gordon came easily towards her.

"Helen, where upon earth have you been hiding yourself? I've been looking for you these three dances, and this one—"

"Is certainly not yours!" she interrupted frigidly. "Mr. Maclean!"—arresting a gentleman passing.

But her lover, looking a trifle astonished, placed a detaining hand on hers.

"My dear girl I assure you you're mistaken! Look here!"—picking up her programme.

She snatched it rudely from him and was gone.

Barbara Howard was dancing opposite with a stranger but just introduced. To and fro, and across, those two girls neared and touched each other—the black dress and the white, the yellow hair and the raven.

But when the figures were ended, Hollis intercepted Helen again.

"I want a few quiet words. I have an apology to make. Come into the conservatory or on to the terrace, there's a dear!"

She hesitated a moment and then bowed haughtily.

"Go into the conservatory and wait till I rejoin you!" she commanded, and drawing her very dress from his contact swept on.

But she found him waiting, when at length she condescended to enter among the ferns and orange trees—lounging at the entrance and chatting with another girl he was, though rendering instant obedience to Helen's gesture, which bade him follow her to the farther end.

There behind the giant camellia, she met him and looked him full in the face, full in the eyes, with her own flashing contemptuously, and taking from her finger her diamond engagement ring, put it silently into his hand.

He looked wonderfully mystified.

"Helen, what jest is this?"

"No jest whatever," in a tone of ice. "I saw you returning from your moonlight stroll round the terrace with Miss Howard."

Watching him she saw his face change, and read in his confusion only convicted falsity.

That he stood bitterly cursing the momentary weakness whose error he saw to the full now; that his chivalrous sense of honor forbade the extenuation truth could have supplied; that he scorned as cowardly to lay the blame where really it was due, upon the unscrupulous flirt whose wiles and blandishments had momentarily stolen, not his heart but his ready susceptibility from its rightful allegiance—of all this Helen knew nothing.

"I begin to understand," then Gordon said, resentfully. "You are glad of an excuse to cancel an engagement of which you have grown weary."

"Perhaps so," negligently arranging her bracelet. Then, as the band struck up again, she turned hastily. "Dear me, I must not lose another dance. I will look up your other presents, and return them to you to-morrow. You will do the same perhaps?"

"Is all to be at end, then, between us? Helen, is this decision irrevocable?" he questioned, his voice hoarse, his face white, as he arrested her movement towards the door. "That I have been guilty of disrespect, of seeming disloyalty, I own. That I bitterly repent it, and that never again shall you have cause for such complaint, I swear. Be just—be merciful!"

Involuntarily she raised her eyes to his, impassioned and imploring. Instantly they fell again, and the crimson flooded her face, as her very dress trembled. Then into her mind her evil genius thrust the words, "My money—my money!" and, floating towards the ball room, she saw the sombre lace and silver stars of "Night" passing the door.

With an effort she freed her hands, and raised her head.

"My hope is that I may never see you more—that we part here for ever!"

And he answered, bitterly, "That will do. You have now spoken plainly enough for even my comprehension."

* * * * *

Time crept on, and change outran him. Spring smiled and cried, and Helen Ashley persuaded her father to take her abroad.

Ashley Lodge was closed, and rumors came vaguely into the quiet country of the shocks that shook the cities, of mercantile towers overthrown, and failures that meant ruin to thousands, of broken banks, and of millionaires made paupers.

And then came reliable intelligence of the end—Henry Ashley died abroad and left his only child a beggar.

So Valentine's Eve came round again, and the ball given so successfully as Ashley Lodge last year was being imitated, with variations and improvements, by ambitious Mrs. Langton.

And Helen Ashley was now there a governess where she had once been mistress.

"How confusing these things are!" one domino observed to another, standing in a corner and quietly regarding.

"Who is it that Gordon has just passed? A lady, by the foot."

"Can't make out," with a puzzled glance after the slight, black domino. "She has mystified me once or twice this evening."

Then, on sudden thought, quitting his friend, Hollis went up to the incognito, and asked her to dance.

She started slightly, but accepted by a bow; and they stood side by side in the quadrille just forming.

"Have you ever been at a thing of this kind before?" Gordon commenced his examination.

"Not a masked; but I was at a fancy ball a year ago; at a house in this neighborhood, too—Ashley Lodge."

That her voice was a disguised one there was no doubt; that her movements were the same, Gordon saw in the first figure—graceful, but not quite natural.

More puzzled, more interested, he returned to his task. "Someone I met last year, evidently. Clue the first," he thought; and said aloud, "Sad changes twelve months have worked there. Is—do you happen to know if Miss Ashley thinks of remaining abroad?"

The lady gave a rapid glance as the constraint in the tone caught her ear, then looked down again.

"She talked of returning to England some little time ago. Poor Helen has altered wonderfully since her father's death. I dare say, if you have not seen her since last Valentine's Eve, you would hardly know her now. She used to be considered rather pretty, I believe."

"She was, and is, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," he interrupted gravely.

"Ah, tastes differ, don't they? You see, Miss Ashley's lover, a Captain somebody—Gower, or Gordon, was it—was hardly of your opinion, or he would not have jilted her for Miss Howard, as he did. I know Miss Howard, too."

"But you evidently do not know how Miss Ashley's engagement was broken off. Gordon did not jilt her."

"Oh, excuse me; indeed!"

"Would a man jilt the only woman he ever loved—the woman he loves now, better than all else in the world?"

Hands joined and mincing paces, the vis-a-vis claimed, an insane exchange of places and purposeless steps, then the fair unknown said, in a voice lower than before, and with a tremor in its disguise, "You know this Captain Gordon, then, I suppose?"

"Intimately."

"He was neglecting Miss Ashley, and flirting with Miss Howard, a year ago to-night, I know, for I saw it myself. I imagined that he cared for the latter, but intended to marry the former for the sake of her money."

"If that had been truth, would the one desire of his life be now to offer to her in her poverty the love she spurned in her wealth?"

"His one desire!" she repeated faintly, and the last figure began.

At its close, Gordon offered his partner his arm, but, though still walking by his side, she declined to take it, but yielding to his entreaties she at last promised to grant him a future interview. She then glided from his side, and Miss Howard approached him.

But, cold and unappreciative of her fascinations as he had grown to be of late, she had never found him so unappreciative as to-night. All her archness, all her sweetness expended itself in vain upon his grave preoccupation; and piqued, and hoping to punish him at last, she turned her pointed attentions to his friend Vallis, and engaged that gentleman in a desperate flirtation as the clock struck twelve.

Gordon scarcely noticed her. Narrowly he scanned each unmasked face; each brilliant butterfly emerging from her domino-chrysalis.

Patiently he waited for the interview the fair unknown had promised; and as the night and the festivities wore themselves away, and no sign could he recognise, no trace find of the black domino, he quitted in bitterest disappointment, the whole scene.

"Fool that I was to trust the word of any woman!" he said to himself, amid the puffs of his morning cigar; and as, through the open window, he saw the postman approaching under the weight of bags whose dimensions told their contents, he continued, savagely, "If I ever lend myself again to any of this doting folly, I shall deserve all I get from it! Confound the idiotic bosh!" as the grinning servant deposited by his side packages large, and small, and unmistakable. "The fire is the only place for such rubbish!"

About to suit the action to the word, there fell from among embossed envelopes a plain square one, and he breathlessly read the writing whose pretty characters he knew so well:—

"If you can forgive her, meet the black domino—and Helen Ashley—at twelve o'clock, outside the gates of Ashley Lodge."

Half an hour later Gordon was giving his personal answer to that valentine; and, clasped in her lover's arms, penitent Helen learned the true answer to the question she had asked of the flowers a year before.

A gentleman traveling through Mecklenburg, some years since, witnessed a singular association of incongruous animals. After dinner the landlord of the inn placed on the floor a large dish of soup and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a mastiff, an Angora cat, an old raven and a remarkably large rat with a bell about its neck. They all four went to the dish and, without disturbing each other, fed together; after which the dog, cat and rat lay before the fire while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity of these animals, informed his guest that the rat was the most useful of the four; for the noise he made had completely freed his house from the rats and mice with which it was before infested.

We are all able to take care of ourselves in love affairs when we are young, but when we get old we are all convinced of the inability of other folks in youth to look out for themselves.

ENGLISH SPORTSMEN.

WHEN an American reads in an English newspaper that Mr Smith, or the Right Hon. Mr. Brown, shot one hundred and thirty brace of partridges on a specified day, and so many rabbits, hares and pheasants to boot, he forms a good opinion of the gunnery of the gentleman named, and very naturally, too; but, as there is a marked difference between hunting in England and the same sport in the United States, some account of the English system may not be uninteresting to a portion of our readers, and may serve to correct certain erroneous impressions the same readers may entertain respecting English shooting. It may not be generally known that the animals and birds which are, by law, preserved as game in England, are comparatively tame, from the fact that no persons but those of a privileged class are allowed to hunt them, and that only at a certain season; consequently, they become accustomed to man during the remainder of the year, and seldom take fright when he appears; and, therefore, when the hunter makes his advent at the fall of the leaf, he finds but little difficulty in dealing death among the feathered tribe. He comes prepared with pointers and setters, whippers in and game keepers, who drive the devoted birds and animals from their covert, and then the work of destruction commences. The hares can hardly be kicked into a walk, and generally set on their haunches, with eyes agape, wondering what is going on; while the eager and delighted sportsmen raise their guns, and, at the distance of ten or twelve feet, fire at the astonished and affrighted victims, who appear thunderstruck, and sit wondering what all the noise and excitement is about, little dreaming that they are the cause. The partridges and pheasants are better able to get out of the way than the hares and rabbits, for they generally take to the wing; but, as they scarcely ever rise until the Nimrods are near enough to knock them over with the butt end of the gun, there is but little credit due sportsmen for marksmanship. Some of the young gentlemen I met were smoking cigars at the same time that they were waiting for the game to appear; and one individual did "murder most foul, strange and unnatural" on a poor wretch of a hare that happened to be roused up before him. The animal moved slowly out of the grass, made one or two springs, when, as it turned to look back, the sportsman sent the contents of his gun into it, and was congratulated by his companions on the "excellent shot!" I was looking over the fence at the time, and laughed aloud at the feat the youth had performed, and thought it would have been strange if he had missed the unlucky animal under the circumstances, for any man could have knocked it over with a club without difficulty.

OMNIBUSES.—These useful vehicles trace back as far as the year 1662 when Louis XIV. authorized a line of them for the special benefit of the middle classes. A company was forthwith formed for working the new system, with the Duke de Roanes and other peers at its head, and in a short time seven omnibuses started, each constructed to hold eight people. The terms of concession to the company provided that they should run at fixed hours, whether full or empty, to and from different quarters of the city, for the benefit of the infirm and those engaged in law suits, as well as for all who could not afford to hire a carriage. But before long the new conveyances were diverted from their original purpose, and became extremely fashionable. The Grand Monarque traveled in one from St Germain, and his example being followed by the aristocracy generally, the class for whose benefit they had been introduced were completely excluded. This fashionable whim appears, however, to have lasted only a short time, followed by the failure of the company, owing to the subsequent refusal of the poorer classes to patronise the new vehicles. Nothing more was seen of omnibuses in the French capital until 1828, when they were again introduced by a leading banker, who made a large fortune out of the speculation. It was not until two years after this date that they made their appearance in the London streets, where two were started by an enterprising citizen, running between the Bank and the western extremity of the New Road. These ponderous vehicles carried twenty two persons inside, the fare being one shilling for the entire distance. But in some respects they appeared to have been greatly superior to the modern omnibus. The first conductors were sons of gentlemen, and the periodicals were provided gratis, by the proprietors, for passengers to read on the way.

As sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, but in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones alas! are of very long duration.

A cheerful man is happy, even if he possesses little; a fretful man is unhappy in the midst of affluence. One great difference between a wise man and a fool, is, the former only wishes for what he may possibly obtain; the latter desires impossibilities.

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CHARACTER AND WORK.

NONE of us can pass through this world without encountering obstructions to our progress which time only will enable us to surmount, and the perplexities which a hasty, petulant spirit will only augment. The eminent philosopher Newton said that his successes in science were attributable to patient thought. And all who have been illustrious for their attainments or achievements would, did they bear testimony, speak in similar terms. The growth of intellectual power, the acquirement of worldly possessions, and the formation of admirable, lasting reputations require much time. That which, mushroom like, is to be of a few hours' duration, may, mushroom like, occupy but a brief period in springing into existence. But the character and the work which are to spread wide, tower high, and endure long, must have a broad, deep, well laid foundation. It is not the amount of work accomplished that exhausts the strength, and leads to a breakdown; it is the effort made, and the worry of making it, that overtax the energy of control and the strength of action. Perhaps one of the most prolific causes of collapse in recent times has been the lack of training. This is not sufficiently recognized. In the old days of "apprenticeship", and slowly built up qualifications for work, youths were specially trained for their business in life, and the difficulties of their career came upon them gradually. Now one half of the laborers in any department of industry have entered it in some sudden way, and industry has become a general melee, in which those who can by effort accomplish the greater results are counted successful. The effortless, though not always the least capable, are vanquished.

IF ridicule is ever allowable or justifiable, it certainly is not so when directed against physical or mental defects. Some parents, teachers, and other guardians of the young, think it wise to use this weapon for the purpose of stimulating the ambition, or of improving the manners of their children or their pupils. It may, perhaps, avail where there is no sensitiveness in the individual—in which case other means will answer quite as well, and better. Ridicule, however, is a most cruel and dangerous remedy for any fault or failing, and is likely to be productive of greater evils than that upon which it bears, especially as it is almost always aimed at those things which the poor victim is thoroughly conscious of, but is not able to help.

INDOLENCE is one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse of indolence is soft and imperceptible, because it is only a mere cessation of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to motion—from privation to reality.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE silk culture school is one of the most attractive features of the Permanent Exhibition. The mode of raising silk worms, the care necessary to their development, the kind and quality of food, the proper temperature and light of the apartment, the preparation of the cocoon for the reeling off of the silk, and all the particulars of this most interesting industry can better be studied at the exhibition than anywhere else. Visitors are furnished with all the information needed to make them practical silk culturists. It is by such means that the growing of silk will be introduced into this country.

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AT Westminster (London) an exhibition intended to exhibit the genius and industry of the workingmen who individually manufactured an article from the beginning to the end has had great success. Numberless articles of this description have been brought together, and many of them have obtained prizes, and in numerous instances also the articles have been sold at their ticketed price and other orders have been given to the workingmen who manufactured them. The purchaser and small manufacturer have thus been brought together to their mutual advantage. About 100 000 persons visited the exhibition. The prizes were awarded at the close to the successful exhibitors by Lord Beaconsfield.

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ANOTHER new Russian sect has arisen in the prophetess, Xenia Ivanovna Kusmin. She is a strikingly handsome peasant woman of twenty-five, who possesses a voice of remarkable power and beauty. She has twelve apostles whom she has commissioned to teach her doctrine to the people. Its chief points are, that its adherents shall avoid the use of flesh meat, and not recognize marriage nor the authority of the clergy, and that when they meet one another they shall avoid, as a great sin, holding out their hands to each other. At religious assemblies tea and sweet cakes are used as corporal refreshment, while it is prescribed as an act of devotion that each person shall kiss every one else. The prophetess and her apostles live together in one large room.

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HARDLY any art has advanced more in France during the last forty years than that of agriculture, which, except in a few favored districts, was in a miserably backward plight up to the reign of Louis Philippe, who, by creating country roads and other improvements, gave a decided stimulus to the cultivation of the soil, which subsequently received additional encouragement from Louis Napoleon, to whom, whatever his faults and shortcomings, there can be no question that France is indebted for much of her material prosperity to day. She now has a marvellous variety of agricultural institutions. Farmers' schools are located in various parts of the country, kept by private individuals at their own expense, with a subsidy from townships for training young men in several agricultural specialties.

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FRENCH Republicans do not disguise their displeasure at the sympathy shown in England for the Prince Imperial and the sorrowing Empress. They regard the expression of these feelings as a political demonstration in favor of the Empire. But, says the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, "a little reflection would show that Englishmen have been moved only by a sentiment of personal commiseration, and that, considering the circumstances of the case, they would have been unfeeling had they not expressed a pity which is evinced, moreover, all over Europe. A friend who passed through Germany tells me that he saw in a Berlin shop window a wax-work figure of the late Prince, and that from morning to night a sympathetic crowd collected before it. Certainly no one would suspect the Germans of a political sympathy for the Prince Imperial.

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A DECREE was published in Paris the other day pardoning and remitting, or reducing the punishment of 1 369 persons condemned for crimes and offences at common law, and transported to Guiana and New Caledonia, or confined in the home penitentiaries, who have obtained a claim to indulgence through contrition and good conduct. A bill has also been submitted to the Senate by the Government for an amnesty to deserters, soldiers and sailors who have not been put on trial and sentenced. This will apply to exiled Communists who belonged to the army, and who were consequently excluded from the recent amnesty law, as also to ordinary deserters, or defaulters from the military service. The last amnesty was passed in 1869, and it is estimated that 80,000 persons will profit by the present proposal.

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ACCORDING to the theory of the twelve year periodicity of the cholera, this is the year for an outburst of Asiatic cholera in the East, to be followed in due time by epidemics in Europe and America. The extended military operations of Russia in Central Asia, which brought the lesser epidemic of last winter into the Black Sea region, will be almost certain to transport to the West the cholera, which has always followed the twelve yearly feasts of Juggernaut and Hundwar. The first of these occured in 1867, the second takes place in 1879. The Juggernaut years seems to have broken in on the theory. But a Hundwar cholera is still looked for by those who trace the cholera at 1781 and 1783 and 1817, 1819 and 1829 and 1831, 1841 and 1843, 1853 and 1855, and 1865 and 1867 to those twelve yearly gatherings at the great temples at which the hundreds of millions of India worship.

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THE most stylish thing in ecclesiastical raiment is the robing of the sextons and assistant sextons of Trinity Church, New York. During the service these gentlemen are now habited in light and loosely flowing robes of thin black material. To the unsophisticated stranger they appear like clergymen, but on examination the experienced judge of churchly millinery notices that the cut of the robe is quite different from that of the more stately black gown worn by the clergymen. The sextonial robe can be thrown off in a moment in case a fainting lady or an unruly boy should have to be lifted out of church. While on the wearer it is no impediment to his actions, as it is some inches short of reaching to his ankles. It is understood that the principal reason for thus robing the sextons is that visitors who require information may, without trouble, ask of the right men. In many of the English churches the practice of robing the sextons is so old as to excite no comment.

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THE folk lore of the Magyars must be very quaint if the following legend be a fair example: A few centuries ago Szegedin, even then one of the largest and most important towns of Hungary, was totally destroyed by fire. The people sat lamenting over the smoking ruins, and bitterly asked themselves if their city could ever again be what it was before. Then answered an old woman, "Not until the dead come back once more into the streets." This speech, probably meaning that Szegedin would never be as before, became a saying in the neighborhood and has remained so to this day. Now, the other day, when the town was destroyed by the floods, the waters burst open the vaults and graves and many of the dead in their wooden coffins floated about the streets of the town. The Maygars, as superstitious as are all people with Eastern blood in their veins, now firmly believe in the omen.

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SOME sixty years ago two young colored girls lived in Newport, R. I. one of whom had a lover to whom she was engaged. The close companionship of the two girls brought the other much in the society of the young man, and at length she succeeded in captivating him, and they were eventually married. The disappointed maiden never married. The other lived many years with her husband and was finally left a widow. A short time ago one of these women, rendered helpless by age, was taken to the Newport Asylum, and soon after the other came there also, both of them being nearly eighty years of age. As soon as they came in sight of each other the old quarrel was renewed, the maiden taunting the other with her perfidy, and every time they met these two old women, tottering on the edge of the grave, fell to quarrelling over a love affair of sixty years ago, until at last it was found necessary to place them in parts of the house remote to each other.

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THE origin of Prince Napoleon's nickname, "Plon-Plon," is just now being discussed in some German papers. The most general version is that the Prince obtained the nickname during the Crimean war, when he attributed every sound to the whizzing of a bullet, constantly repeating, *"Du plomb! Du plomb!"* According to other authorities, however, the Prince was called "Plon-Plon" from his childhood. This correspondent says that some time ago he was told by a late Minister at Wurtemberg, that Prince Napoleon passed the earlier years of his life at Stuttgart, and was a great favorite with the late King William of Wurtemburg, who used to amuse himself by asking his name, when the young Prince, who could not yet speak plainly, always answered "Plon-Plon," instead of Napoleon. In this way the Prince became known as "Plon-Plon" at the Wurtemberg court, and the nickname has stuck to him ever since.

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MANY years have passed since the revolted negroes of Hayti drank the health, in grim pleasantry, of "their good friend and ally, "General Yellow Fever," whose ravages had reduced the French invaders from 35,000 to 7,000 in a single summer. But the scourge is still as formidable as ever, and not less capricious than formidable. At the Brazilian port of Pernambuco, in 1872, the ships in the harbor were throwing their dead overboard by dozens, while the town itself was almost untouched. At Rio de Janeiro, a few years later, many residents remained in the city with impunity throughout the whole of the sickly season, while numbers of those who had fled died soon after their return. A cabin-boy on a bark in the roadstead of Bahia was twice left the sole survivor of the crew, and remained for days in the corpse-peopled ship unhurt. But, despite these singular cases, the recent experience of Jamaica shows that the best safeguard against the pest is scrupulous cleanliness.

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THE widow of a Normany peasant has exhibited a more than ordinary share of woman's wit in the duty which her husband's demise imposed upon her of executing his will. His property consisted of a good horse and a worthless cur, and he directed that they should be sold, the proceeds of the sale of the horse to be divided among his other relatives, while the widow's portion was to be the sum the dog would fetch. This discrepancy in the value of the two animals was naturally a little galling to the lady, but after turning affairs over in her own mind she discovered a means by which she could fulfil her late husband's behests without suffering pecuniary loss to herself. She announced for sale a horse for the sum of five francs and a dog for 500. Those who wished to buy the horse were informed that they must also take the dog; and when at length a purchaser for the pair was found, the widow handed over five francs, to be divided among the dead man's family, keeping for herself the 500, as the sum "which the dog had fetched."

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HERE is a hint for the superintendents of American madhouses. The innovation has been introduced recently in the great Vienna establishments. A lithographed newspaper, published in the institution, is contributed to by the inmates. Those patients for whom this slight mental exertion can only be beneficial, send articles and essays on the questions of the day, and it is only fair to say that it would be a comfort to readers if some of the matter published in the Vienna newspapers, by people generally considered to be sane, were as clever and well written as some of these letters. Those who are afflicted with any monomania may ventilate their delusions and support their convictions by argument and example in the columns of this extraordinary paper. The logic employed in an article in a recent number (says a correspondent) by one gentleman to disprove the belief of another that his beard was of heather, and required constant watering, was so faultless and so incisive as to have done credit to a professor of moral philosophy. Alas! he himself firmly believed that his nose was made of sugar, and to prevent its getting wet, and consequently melting away, always drank through a straw. Had he only been able to apply his logic to himself he would have been cured.

STARRY MEMORIES.

BY M. W. P.

Look yonder!—dost see that little bright star,
Shining so clear in the far-off sky?
It reminds me of one I fondly loved,
When we were both young in the days gone by.

I think I can see her now as she stood,
With pensive brow, and her thoughts afar;
When she turn'd, and in gentle tones she said,
"Will you think of me when you see that star?

"Will you think of me when you stand at eve,
And silently gaze on the face of Heaven?
And when that pale star shall meet your eye,
Will a kindly thought to your friend be given?"

Oh, many a year has pass'd since then:
She is now in another clime afar;
But I've never forgot that twilight eve,
And I think of her when I see that star.

A Golden Chance.

BY H. C.

IT was a bitter north-east wind which swept the platform at Edgefield Junction, and none of those who waited for the branch train cared to brave it. The little waiting room was full, and the flame from the fire brightened the room better and shone out upon the black fields around with a more cheerful glow than the blaze of the gas, which the porter had just lighted After he had done this, he banged his arms across his chest, and then he, too, went into his room in company with a number of lamps and other railway appurtenances, of which he took no heed, and drawing a song book from his pocket, at once became absorbed in its perusal.

There was one exception only to those who sought shelter from the cutting wind, and that was a young man, of perhaps five-and-twenty years of age, who, in spite of the chilly evening, walked thoughtfully and slowly up and down the bare platform. He was a tall, healthy-looking young fellow, clad in rough pilot coat, a low-crowned felt hat, and he had an air, altogether, as of a workman, or—although to many minds the comparison will convey, very needlessly, unfavorable ideas—an omnibus conductor. No pretensions, then, to the character of a "swell" had this, our first actor, and no one who watched him, as several from the waiting room window wonderingly did watch, would have taken him for a gentleman. In due time the branch train drew up to the platform, and the young man took his seat, with others, in a second class carriage He preserved the same grave, almost sullen taciturnity which had previously characterized him, and on arriving at the little town which formed the terminus of the branch, strode away, without exchanging more than a nod with several persons who recognized and greeted him.

In a few minutes he had reached the further side of the town, where some straggling cottages stretched out into the country, all beyond being void and black; indeed, but for one or two feeble lights shining from the little windows, it was black enough where he stood. He stopped at a gate which opened upon the road, and hesitated a few minutes ere he entered the garden; at last the gate swung back, and he passed through. Instead of knocking at the door, he went softly to the window, and, although the blind was down, tried to catch a glimpse of the interior of the room, at the side of the casement. In this he was foiled; and from that, or some other cause, a heavy frown was on his face, which was indeed a hard, plain sort of face, not ill adapted to carry a stern expression. As he stood there, a step was heard in the road; at the noise he turned quickly round, and then the little gate creaked again. There was only just light enough to see a female figure enter the garden, although to the new comer the young man was distinctly visible, standing as he did just before the lighted window.

"Is that you, Alice!" he said, in a low tone

"Yes, Paul, dear," replied a very pleasing voice "I hurried round to the station after I had been to the 'Crown;' but I found the train had come in."

As she finished, the young man put his arm tenderly round her, and kissed her. The girl sighed as he did so, as though the act had seemed, in the place of speech, to convey some sad intelligence; and then lifting a primitive latch, she opened the house door, and they entered. Without the intervention of any passage or lobby, they stepped into a small square room, brick floored, and walls covered with the commonest paper,—evidently a poor room, but very clean and trim; a large old-fashioned eight-day clock the only article most approaching to luxury in it; a few common china figures on the mantel-piece, and a few prints, were, excepting a row of flower pots, its only ornaments. At a large deal table a woman, about fifty years of age, was ironing, and the piles of white, newly-ironed articles of apparel which lay near her showed she was ironing for profit. She was so like the girl who now entered, that a stranger need hardly have waited for the latter to call her "mother" to guess their relationship.

"Well, Mrs. Purley," said the young man, "I am here, as I said I should be."

"I see you are, Paul," said the ironer, pausing to take the offered hand; "and I never thought, I am sure, I should be sorry to see you."

"It is all over, then?" asked the girl, who had looked wistfully from one to the other

"Yes, Alice," replied the young man, seating himself, and placing his hat on the dresses beside him, "it's all over with me and the firm I am dismissed; and I don't think the character they would give me would do me much good."

The girl made no further remark, but bustled about, while she emptied from a basket some small packets of grocery which she had brought in; she then made up the collars, cuffs, &c., which were just ironed, into parcels, to go away; but tear after tear ran slowly down her cheeks while her face was from her sweetheart, who went on to tell them more fully the incident they had already heard by letter.

His story, however, was very brief, simple, and commonplace, as nearly all the real trials and even agonies of life are when we come to put them in words. All were poor, very poor. Alice and her mother supported themselves by laundry work and ironing Paul Hyles had been Alice's sweetheart for years, and she was ready to marry him whenever he asked her, as he knew well enough. Her mother counselled a little delay, until Paul could prepare a home at least as good as her own to take her to; but in that poor part of the country, where laborers competed for work at eight or nine shilling a week, even that was difficult, for Paul was of no particular trade The vicar of the town had taken notice of the stalwart young fellow, and of his pretty sweetheart, the latter indeed having special friends in the half dozen daughters of the good clergyman. Through the vicar's influence Paul obtained a place as carman in the large warehouse of his brother, a merchant in London, whither, full of hope and golden visions, he had gone. His Alice was to marry him when he had saved twenty pounds, which he hoped to do in a year at farthest, while Alice, poor girl, as girls will do, had abstained from every indulgence, however trivial—every expense, however small, and rose earlier and worked later, to obtain the simple outfit which formed her ambition. But all was crushed now. Paul had been unlucky enough to offend one of the principal clerks, a nephew of one of the partners in the firm, and nothing he could do was right. The influence of the vicar's recommendation kept him in his post a little while, but eventually the ill-will of his superior was too strong, and yet this ill-will rose from a very trifling cause. It arose from Paul's answering in his own defence when abused wrongfully; he fearlessly and fully vindicated himself, and showed he was right; but the malicious Mr. Andrew Tolmaine, the clerk and future partner, never forgave him. At last a package of some value was missed, and, without imputing dishonesty, the loss was attributed to the carelessness of Paul, and he was dismissed with, as he owned, a character which would do him little good.

As Paul finished his ineloquent narrative, and ended with a heavy West country oath of revenge, if ever time served, his hearers wept silently, but did not check him. Now, unless these two chose to marry, and live in the squalid poverty that most of their class around them lived in, and made up their minds to reckon on poorhouse assistance every Winter as part of their income, it seemed as though they could never settle. They had a long sad talk that evening, and it was plain that nothing better, at the very outside, than laboring at the "oil mills"—the only thing like a manufactory near—could be done, if haply even so much could be achieved.

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So time went on, and Paul worked as a laborer, and dressed and looked like a laborer, while poor Alice grew paler and thinner: for it was hard, in that quiet little town to earn enough money even to supply the scanty wants of herself and her mother, and hope was nearly gone now. From one great and common evil, however, she was spared—her lover did not drink.

Summer came and went, and Autumn and with the close of October came the rumor that the oil mills would shorten hands; and Paul knew that, being one of the youngest in the service, he would be one of the first to go. Mrs. Purley's strength was failing, too, and so the Sunday walks were very sad ones; and even the idea, which was growing into a resolve, of marrying on the wretched thirteen shillings earned weekly by Paul, was sinking out of sight. What Alice most feared may be judged by Paul's solemnly swearing, as they stood in the twilight, one Sunday evening, with his hand on the large Bible, which lay on the window seat in her mother's little parlor, that he would never enlist for a soldier. Sadly and slowly, then, the days went by.

* * * * *

One evening, while Mrs. Purley sat exhausted with such little work as she had done, and Alice had laid aside the plain needlework with which she was playing all the afternoon, and had commenced arranging their scant frugal tea, a well known step was heard in the little garden, and then Paul Hyles entered. He was grimed and black with his work, of course, and wore the loose smockfrock which laborers commonly wear. He sat down, in obedience to Mrs. Purley's invitation, while Alice looked at him with a face from which the first flush of pleasure and surprise had faded, and which was now deadly pale. She saw, with unerring instinct, that the sternness on her lover's features was not the grave sternness habitual and natural to him, and this added to his appearing there at an unwonted hour, assured her that he had something to tell them, and she dreaded to hear it. She silently produced a third cup and saucer, added one solitary spoonful of tea to that already in the pot, and then, with a tremulous voice, said: "Are they shortening hands, Paul?"

"No—at least, not for me," said the young man. "Some have gone, but I am to stay a week or two longer."

"Thank God for that, Paul," said the girl. "Who knows what may turn up in a week or two?"

"Ah, you may well say that," returned Paul. "There's many changes, now-a-days, Alice; and I've come up to tell you of one. Look here!"

With that, the young man produced from his breast the outside portion of a London paper, for it was easy enough at Edgefield to get the morning papers down early the same day; and, thanks to the cheap press, even the very poorest could learn earlier what was passing in the great world than the lord of the manor himself could have learned a hundred years before.

"See this!" he exclaimed, pointing to an advertisement in the front page of the paper.

Alice took the printed sheet, and read—for they both had a fair education—

"Two hundred pounds reward. Absconded, on or about the 15th instant, Andrew Lawrence Tolmaine, who is supposed to have embezzled a large sum of money, the property of his employers, Messrs. De Lisle, Tolmaine and Tolmaine, of Wheeler's Court, Cornhill. The said Andrew Lawrence Tolmaine is five feet seven inches in height, with dark, straight hair, small dark moustache, slight figure, wears spectacles, and has a large scar on the back of his hand. He is twenty three years of age, but looks older. The above reward will be paid to any person giving such information as will lead to the apprehension of the said Andrew Lawrence Tolmaine. Apply to Messrs. Bonnell and Wright, Solicitors, Bedford Row, or to Superintendent of the—— division of Police—— Street."

Ere Alice could utter a single exclamation of amazement at finding their chief enemy an outcast and a fugitive, Paul spoke.

"I have heard all about it," he said, "from Mr. Morris, the coachman, at the vicarage; I got away for an hour, and went up on purpose to see him This is no small affair, Ally; he must have been swindling them ever since he has been there; yet if both the junior partners hadn't happened to be away, the matter would have been hushed up. I've often lain awake grinding my teeth to think that I didn't knock him down when he threw me my money, and told me if I wasn't off the premises in five minutes I should be kicked off, but it's all for the best."

"It has come home to him heavily, Paul," said the mother. "The wicked man may flourish for a while, and the honest may be brought low, but wait until the end. It will be a sad shock to the vicar, for I believe this was his favorite nephew—the only child of Mr. Tolmaine, who died so young, just after he was married."

"And Miss Rachel!" exclaimed Alice, "I pity her very much; but for him, why of course he could not expect to go on much longer without some judgment overtaking him. He must often think of his conduct to you."

And so, with a natural feeling, which finds a place in the heart of those who stand much higher than those with whom we are dealing, they saw, in the downfall of their enemy, a special judgment from Heaven for his wickedness to them, and attributed special remorse to the man who had probably forgotten the existence of the discharged carman.

"It's two hundred pounds!" said Paul, grimly; "I wish I had him here at this minute, with no helper but myself, and if he wasn't in Edgefield lock-up before that clock strikes again——"

He did not conclude his sentence; but his tightly closed lips, and the fierce, yet thoughtful glance he gave at his clenched fist, finished it for him Mrs Purley only smiled faintly in return; and, after a show of drinking tea, poor Alice rose with a deep sigh, and prepared to resume her work.

"Good bye, God bless you, Alice!" said Paul, taking her in his arms, and looking, despite his hard features and grimy blackness, very tenderly upon her. "You're getting pale, my girl, very pale and thin. But we won't despair yet; you have taught me better than that; and after all, I find there is hope for us."

The girl looked inquiringly and lovingly at him, for the young ironer loved and trusted this laborer as well as though she had been a lady of high degree, and he had worn a coronet.

"No, not to night," he said. "But cheer up, Alice; I see a way to our happiness yet;" so, kissing her on her forehead, and shaking her mother's hand, he left. "She little thinks the hope I have is in the Emigration Commissioners," he muttered, "and that I see she won't have to tend her poor mother for long. It's a sad sort of hope at the best."

So he strode off, and was that night the centre of several groups who wanted to hear all about Tolmaine, for it had caused quite a commotion in the little town, and Paul, who had known and quarrelled with the criminal, was interesting to a degree only second to the principal himself.

Paul rejected nearly all the liquor pressed upon him; but he had, perhaps, just heated his brain a little, and so was impelled loudly to denounce the fugitive, and to declare that it would be the happiest day of his life if he could but discover him, and set the police on his track "And no money, mates!" he exclaimed, bringing his bony and massive fist down on the mahogany bar with a force that jarred every bottle on the shelves, "no money, mind you, that ever I should earn in my life, would be so sweet as that two hundred pounds for transporting the villain."

This sentiment was of course cheered to the echo, and, for that night, Paul was a hero in the town.

Next week, as he had feared, Paul was discharged from the mills. He wrote to the Emigration office, and found that he was a suitable person, and that there would be no difficulty in the way of his getting out. He had, at last, broached the subject to Alice, who, as he well knew, would go anywhere with him; but then—there was the invalid, sinking mother. Even if some scheme could be devised for her support, how was Alice to leave her? They had no other relation in the world; and to leave her mother now, as Alice well knew, to leave her to die amongst strangers. Paul felt this too, and did not press his wish He seldom went near the little cottage, partly from a dread he had of being seen habitually loitering about, and partly because it gave him keen pain to see how Alice would seek to hide their increasing poverty, and would strive to call up her old bright smile on her pale face He grew pale enough himself in a week or so, and sadly he used to face the crest of the low hill at the back of Edgefield,—this was his favorite walk, as it was so solitary in these dark November days. Work was very scarce,—hundreds about the part were half famishing; and although Paul scrupled not to turn his hand to anything, he could scarcely pay for his poor lodging, and find daily bread for himself.

So he used to patrol for hours this lonely walk, with melancholy and sometimes with very bitter thoughts; and thus he had paced one afternoon just as the wintry sun was setting behind the hills which bound the western side of the county, till he leant thoughtfully against a tree, and looked across the empty, dull fields, to the backs of the scattered houses on the skirts of the town, and beyond them into the High Street, where, already, one or two jets of gas was burning in the larger shops. He thought of Alice and her struggles, of his own sufferings, and contrasted their wants with the luxury of the large houses which frowned from the knolls around, and even with the modest comforts of the less pretentious houses near, growing more and more bitter as he brooded.

The sound of steps close at hand caused him to shrink into a shadow of a tree, and two persons went slowly past, and took a by-path, which led to the church and vicarage, and so through into the town. One was Miss Rachel, the vicar's youngest daughter, and the other—Paul pressed his hand on his brow, as though he feared he should faint with the excitement—was his hunted enemy! There, disguised by strange clothes, a false moustache and wig, was Andrew Tolmaine. Ha! he was his prize—his alone He suddenly remembered that just behind him lay some stakes, left there by the hedgers, ready for their work on the next day; he dashed to these, and selecting the heaviest, stole swiftly, but very stealthily, after the retreating pair. His eyes gleamed like fire, while his powerful frame and heavy club made him an antagonist from whom the strongest might shrink.

As he stole after them, carefully keeping them in sight, he hurriedly debated whether he should take him then and there, or go to the station, and give information. Have him he would, dead or alive—if dead, perhaps the better. The wild beast in his nature was roused, and he hoped that the fugitive would resist, that he might be justified in killing him. Should he dash at him at once? No, Miss Rachel had always been kind to him and to Alice, and he would

spare her. They turned a corner; he hurried on lest he should miss them, and found that they had stopped at the angle. He was forced to pass them; and as he did so, he heard the young lady say, "Come in for a few minutes."

That was enough; he would take him as he came out again. So he watched them into the vicarage, and, creeping close to the house, saw them enter a parlor, saw lights brought in, and the blinds drawn; he had no fear of his prey's escaping; from where he stood he could see both doors, the only means of egress from the vicarage. Almost immediately the door by which they had entered opened, and the young lady came out alone—yes, alone,—and there was his shadow on the blind, as it had at first fallen. Paul gave no heed to her, but waited, like a crouching tiger, for Tolmaine to move. Suddenly a light hand touched his arm, and turning fiercely round, he saw Miss Rachel. She looked at him very steadily—so steadily, that he almost shrunk from her, for there was a depth in her soft eyes which reminded him of Alice. He strove to speak, but the words died away ere he could utter them.

"Why are you here, Paul Hyles?" said Miss Rachel, and she spoke low, as one who avoids being overheard. "You do not answer,—you need not. I saw your face as you passed us, and I knew then that all was lost. Do you mean to linger here, Paul?"

"Miss Rachel," said Paul, and the hoarseness of his own voice almost startled him, "Miss Rachel, you had better go away from here. The work I am going to do is not for ladies to see."

"Then, Paul, you mean to seize my wretched cousin?" she said, in the same hushed tone as before.

"Go away, Miss Rachel, for Heaven's sake!" said Paul, earnestly, "there may be ——"

"Yes, I know," she said. "You mean to say there may be bloodshed—you mean that you may slay the helpless fugitive, whose shadow you are watching."

The young lady spoke with the same calmness with which she had previously spoken, and as she pointed to the window, and almost hissed the last few words out, Paul shrank from her, as he had done before; then rousing himself, he turned angrily round, and clinching his weapon the tighter, faced the window.

"You are resolved, I see," she continued; "then follow me, and do at once the work you are bent upon doing." She moved towards the house, but seeing that Paul did not follow her, she stopped, and said, "Come!"

"Miss Rachel," gasped Paul, and his voice grew huskier, "you and yours have been good friends to me and those that I love a thousand times beyond myself,—let me beg of you, as a rough and desperate, but not ungrateful man may beg, to go from here. Go from here, my dear young lady, for I am sworn, to my soul, to take that man, and to take him dead or alive. And now, dead or alive, he is mine," said Paul.

"I know it," she said. "Follow me, and do your errand inside the house. Come, if you think you owe me any gratitude."

Then, in spite of himself, Paul turned, and half unconsciously followed her. Had he allowed himself time to think, he might have hesitated: but, as it was, he followed her through the hall, and straight into the parlor, where, leaning his head, sat, in a very dejected attitude, the man whom he sought.

"Rise up, Andrew," exclaimed Miss Rachel, "for your time has come. This man has seen and known you."

With a start, and an ejaculation of terror, Andrew Tolmaine rose irresolutely from his chair, and then sank down again.

"Do you yield peaceably, Mr. Tolmaine?" said Paul. "For this lady's sake, have no violence."

Tolmaine looked appealingly from one to the other without speaking, but the girl spoke for him.

"Yield peaceably! Paul Hyles, look at him! The unhappy man you have captured is far gone in a disease which was never known to be other than fatal. Andrew Tolmaine is dying of consumption. Look at him! If he could struggle, he would be a more worthy prize, but you will get your two hundred pounds even for his emaciated frame."

"I am very sorry, for your sake," began Paul; "but of course it's not my fault. Mr. Tolmaine was never any friend of mine, and I may as well——"

"You may as well have the money as any one else," interrupted Miss Rachel. "Then take him. We cannot resist you. I would, if I could, for I was to have married the dying man you see there, and I waited the time as patiently and hopefully as you have done. That his career is blighted, that my hopes are blasted, and that he crouches there without a friend in the world but one weak girl, you know, or can guess, as well as I can."

Few men were more noble or generous in their natures than Paul Hyles, and as the vicar's daughter spoke, his head seemed to swim, and he almost repented having entered upon the business; throwing off, however, what he deemed a weakness, he said, "I have been ruined, Miss Rachel, by this gentleman. He drove me from honest employment; I see, through him, scarce any means of living, unless I steal or beg; and the reward for his apprehension—which will certainly fall to some one, even if I don't take him—will make a man of me."

"Paul," said the young man, speaking for the first time, and Hyles almost staggered at the hollow sound of his changed voice, "if you wish to have your revenge, and I can't see why you should not, I cannot stay you. I may as well end my days in prison as elsewhere, for aught I know; they will not be many; and they cannot be worse than I have had. Leave us now, Rachel," he continued as with an effort he rose to his feet; "don't linger here, I pray, or you will drive me mad."

"Leave you!" exclaimed Miss Rachel. "No, Andrew, not until the cell door is closed on you, and I am turned from your prison. Mr Hyles will not refuse you the support of my arm as we walk to the police station—you will grant that?"

"Don't talk like that to me!" exclaimed Paul, dropping into a chair, and covering his face with his hands; "why didn't he keep out of a starving, desperate man's way?"

"I—I have no money now," said Tolmaine, eagerly and tremulously, "but I am sure my friends in——"

"Don't be deceived, Paul Hyles," interrupted the girl; "his friends have refused to do anything for him; he is penniless; but it will help you if you accept from me these trifles—they are worth something." As she spoke she handed him the few trinkets she wore. "Take them," she said, "and in time to come you shall have more. I pledge my word for that; but let him go. It is not to trial you are taking him, but to death; it is not a man, but a corpse you trample on."

With one great gulp Paul rose, and spite of his gaunt, harsh face, and laborer's garb, stood a lofty, noble-looking man, as he spoke.

"It is over," he said, "my mind is made up, Miss Rachel; fear nothing from me. I forgive you, Mr. Tolmaine, as truly as I hope to be forgiven myself, and I swear now that you are safe from me. I will not touch your gold nor your jewelry, Miss Rachel; so don't offer them again. Now, can I be of assistance in any way?"

To Paul's amazement, when Miss Rachel, who had been so calm and self composed, attempted to speak, she merely gave a stifled scream; and had he not caught her she would have fallen to the ground, for she had fainted. They brought her to herself; and, although very weak, she regained her clearness and decision.

It appeared that some such agent as Paul was exactly what was wanted, some one who, wearing clothes natural to him, which Tolmaine should copy, and who should be the spokesman of the two, would enable the fugitive to get out of England. The vicar, although he knew of his being in the neighborhood, would not see him; nevertheless they thought—so they told Paul—that, if the young man were safely away, his uncle would contribute to his support. All this ended in Paul's pledging himself to assist Mr. Tolmaine in his escape; and so, with many wringings of the hand, and tears from each of the three, he left.

His first impulse was to go to Alice, to tell her all the strange events of the afternoon, and how he had—weakly, it seemed to him, when fairly away, and from a mere sentimental influence—allowed the only chance he might ever possess of enriching himself to slip by. That he should be annoyed at his conduct was not wonderful, for Paul Hyles was only a man, and consequently hardly capable of the sublime self denial and heroism of a woman. But he was amply repaid by seeing Alice's color—seldom had she a color now—come and go again as he spoke, until at last she threw herself upon him, and buried her sobbing lips in the rough smockfrock of her sweetheart, while she murmured broken hysterical words of commendation and thankfulness, which Paul, poor and penniless as he was, prized beyond all treasure beside.

Then they resolved that he should help Tolmaine away, and take no reward from Miss Rachel for the service—and Paul kept his word. As two working men, engaged on a Spanish railway, with Paul's provincial dialect and thorough natural manner, even Mr. Tolmaine's reticence and avoidance of strangers passed off very fairly for loutishness; and the pair got on board a Cadiz boat, and Paul left the unhappy young man safe on Spanish territory; then, with the least possible delay, he hurried back.

Tolmaine was lodged with an English family, who were prepared for his illness and probable death; and the outcast overwhelmed Paul with gratitude, and wrote urgent letters to all his family in his behalf—but he could do no more. Money he had scarce any; so Paul reached Edgefield a very few shillings the richer for his excursion. The chief piece of good fortune which befell him was his being re-engaged at the old mills; and this, after his late privations, was absolute luxury; so there he worked, a melancholy but placid-minded man.

Miss Rachel left the town almost immediately, and if her father knew the share that Paul had taken in his nephew's escape, he did not show it. Thus three months wore on, and save that Mrs. Purley was sinking faster every day, and Alice's home grew poorer every day also, little change occurred in the humble circle, but at the end of that time, just as Paul was leaving work one afternoon, the timekeeper called to him, and said, "Hollo, Hyles, here is a message from the governor that you are to go to the 'Crown' at six o'clock and ask for Mr. Smith. It's no use to look inquiringly at me," continued the man, "for I know no more than I have told you."

Of course Paul went to the "Crown," and was ushered into the best room, the waiter showing very plainly his amazement at such a visitor. He found, sitting in the twilight, an elderly gentleman.

"I was told to ask for Mr. Smith," began Paul.

"Quite right," interrupted the gentleman; "my name is Smith—at least, it is so in this house. I do not choose, Mr. Hyles—pray be seated—that every one should know my name and my business. Some three months back you assisted an unfortunate young man to escape from England."

"I did," said Paul, hoping devoutly he was not getting into a scrape.

"Very good," returned Mr. Smith; "and you lost the chance, the certainty, I may say, of two hundred pounds. That young man was my nephew. My name is Tolmaine, Andrew Tolmaine, second partner in the house of De Lisle, Tolmaine, and Tolmaine, and that wretched boy was my godson."

Here the old man took off his spectacles, wiped them, and very deliberately replaced them.

"He is dead, Mr. Hyles," he resumed, "and but for you he would have died in prison. I am not insensible to your noble conduct, and beg therefore to make a slight return—only a partial return, nothing can wholly repay you. Rachel!" he called.

Then, to Paul's surprise, the figure of a girl in deep mourning rose from the shadow of the curtains and advanced towards him. Confusedly he took the offered hand.

"With my heartfelt gratitude," said the voice of Miss Rachel, "pray accept this."

Paul almost mechanically took a roll she offered, and then the gentleman spoke:

"Paul," said he, "that is the freehold of Upland Cottage, and half a score acres of land with it; and I am authorized to say that your post at the mills will from this day be changed to that of overseer, at a fitting salary. No, no words; take the cottage as freely as it is given; and if ever you want a friend, apply to me. As I fancy you contemplate marriage, I must tell you that the bank here has a hundred pounds to your credit, which you may find useful. Rachel, we shall hardly catch the train."

Then after shaking Paul heartily by both hands, and bidding him farewell with many kind words, which he could find no language to answer, they left the house.

It is not for me to describe the meeting of Paul and Alice that night. Let me conclude by saying that Paul never had occasion to apply to his generous benefactor, who showed, however, that he had not forgotten him, by sending him, yearly, a large hamper.

Paul and Alice married, and live a prosperous and happy couple. Mrs Purley survived long enough to see her first grandchild, and, as a final remark, I may say emphatically, that neither Alice nor Paul ever regretted the day when the latter threw away "A Golden Chance."

Malibran, the famous singer and actress, used to tell the following amusing anecdote of herself:—"Not long since, I was playing Desdemona at the Paris Opera House for my benefit, and the stage was covered with bouquets. It was the very first time flowers had been thrown upon the Parisian stage, and I never beheld any more lovely; but you see I was obliged to die, and it was a great pity, for, under the circumstances, I could not pick them up. Othello had to die, also, and the man was brute enough to prepare to stab himself just where he must fall on at least half a dozen of the best. This was more than I could endure, so, although I was quite dead at the time, I exclaimed in a low voice—'Take care of my flowers! Take care of my flowers!' Louis Philippe was in a side box that night, and heard me, and so the next day I had a magnificent present of exotics from St. Cloud, with a polite message signifying that his Majesty observing my posthumous love for floriculture, begged my acceptance of the accompanying tribute." Many similar anecdotes could be told of this gifted lady.

The oldest couple, perhaps, in the State of Pennsylvania, are Pope Bushnell and wife, of Dyberry, Wayne county. They were married in 1813, and built the house they now occupy in the heart of the woods in 1817.

The spectacle was offered in Coleville, near Bradford, on Monday night, of a man running from a mob, and the door of every house he tried to enter for protection closed against him.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

MANY a rich man spends for wines, cigars, and other useless extravagances, enough money to educate two or three poor children. He will build handsome blocks or stately dwellings, more because he desires to put his money into something substantial than because there is any real need in the community of such buildings as he chooses to put up. Seventy-five or fifty thousand dollars is not an unusual cost of a fine house or block, and yet that same money would educate twenty five or fifty struggling youths or maidens, and fit them for lives of substantial usefulness—a handsomer memorial to any rich man's name than the finest block in America, with its row of carved letters and the date of its erection cut in freestone or granite.

Hundreds of young men struggle on from year to year lacking the means of obtaining an education suitable for their future position in life, whatever that position may happen to be, all the while hoping that some unforeseen accident or event may place them where they can obtain the education they realize they so much need; but time passes on and no rich uncle, or sympathizing aunt, or benevolent stranger, aids them, and they find themselves, late in life it may be, at the very "top of the ladder" in wealth, and barely able to write and cast accounts.

Many a young girl ruins her health and sinks into a premature grave in the anxious effort to secure a liberal education by the labor of her own hands, when, could she have obtained the loan of a few hundred dollars, and then repaid the sum from money she was enabled to earn as a successful workwoman or teacher, she might have lived to a good old age, a blessing to herself and others.

A young man may safely attend school at the age of thirty, but a young lady is supposed to finish her education at least six years earlier. In such cases we may easily see the struggle that must ensue between ambition and poverty.

If all rich men who are able to, and do use their money for the purpose of building fine houses, or stores, with plate glass windows, would use a few thousand of those dollars in educating substantially for lives of future usefulness those youths and maidens who would appreciate an education, they would soon find the interest returned would be a very high per cent., for there is nothing that gives more enjoyment or returns more interest than a well educated human mind.

Let some rich man try the experiment. Few, in this or any other land, will have to look beyond their own fortieth cousins to find plenty who need to be substantially educated.

SILVIA A. M. MOSS.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS BLIND.—It is astonishing to observe how many of our greatest thinkers, writers, and workers have been blind. To say nothing of Homer or Milton, we find the following Europeans in the catalogue of eminent men afflicted with blindness: Thomas Blacklock, poet, linguist and divine; Nicholas Sanderson, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge; Leonard Euler, Professor of the same at St Petersburg; John Gough, mathematician and philosopher; John Metcalf, of Knaresborough; Dr. Henry Moyes, lecturer on music and chemistry; John Stanley, composer and organist; Edward Rushton, poet; Turlagh Carolan, Irish poet and musician; John Ziska, Bohemian general and reformer; John Troughton, Puritan divine; Dennis Hampson, bard; James Wilson, author of "Biographies of the Blind;" William Talbot, performer on the Irish pipes; John King, of Bohemia; Joseph Strong, weaver, of Carlisle; William Kennedy, mechanic, of Tandagaree; Nicholas Bacon, advocate, of Brussels; Nathaniel Price, bookbinder; John Gobelli, sculptor; Count de Payan, engineer and astronomer; James Holman, traveler; M. Huber, naturalist, of Geneva; Theresa Paradis, pianist, of Vienna; Sir John Fielding, magistrate, of Westminster; Didymus, theologian and astronomer; and last, not least, the Rev. Dr. Guise, of whom the story is told that he suddenly found himself deprived of sight while entering the pulpit, but that so far from being disconcerted, he preached extempore with such effect, that an old lady, who had long been a member of his congregation, said to him, "God be praised that your eyesight is gone; I never heard you preach such a powerful sermon in your life. For my own part, I wish that the Lord had taken your sight eight-and-twenty years ago."

Official salaries are on a primitive American scale in the Swiss Republic. The President receives $3,000 a year, and each of the seven members of the Federal Council has $3,400. The Chief Justice of the important canton of Lucerne, which has a population of 137,000, receives $640 a year, and his associates have $500. The First Judge of Assize in Glarus, with a population of 35,000, has $1 87½ a day while on circuit, with an extra York shilling when he holds court in the mountains.

There is renewed activity in the Boston wool market.

Ladie's Department.

FASHION NOTES.

EACH year the feminine world appears to show a more decided predilection for tailor-made traveling dresses. Their plain, unobtrusive style and color, and the thoroughness of the work upon them render them peculiarly suitable.

At Mr. Wanamaker's I was shown a selection of these plain dresses made in dark tones of greens, browns and blues, in tweeds and fonle serges; the latter is an improvement both on cloth and serge, as far as wear and lightness are concerned.

I will describe the style of make of some of them. A long double breasted bodice jacket with horn buttons, the tunic describing a point at one side, and arranged in a series of puffs at the back, a kilting round the short skirt, and no trimming whatever throughout, only rows of stitchings. Another of a similar make was arranged with a long kilted end forming the back of the tunic—a marked improvement on the puffs which soon become out of order in wearing. Short skirts, tunics and jackets are the prevailing style, with variation. Some of the tunics open half way up with revers, and the jacket basque in front has revers turning back from the accompanying waistcoat; while other tunics are more elaborate in their arrangement, and have triple plaits at each side. Hand-braiding with fine Russian braid has been applied to a number of dresses in all shades, the braid matching or contrasting, such as red on cream or blue, black on brown and green. The braid is carried down the back of the dress, round the tunic, and across it, where it opened diagonally in front. There are also light tweeds, brown and white, and black and white checks, which, having a slight tinge of red introduced, are trimmed with cardinal to advantage. Coat jackets and waistcoats are a fashionable form of bodice, with the draped tunics and short skirts; many of the serges have a military braiding of silk cord—if I may thus use the term—instead of braid down the entire front. As a rule polonaises find little favor, but veritable coats are *par excellence* the traveling dress of the day. Some have triple capes, some not; but they all have the frock coat plait at the back, and cling closely to the figure. A self-colored serge with a coarse cord forming a check, is a favorite material for them; they are easily put on, and are trim and neat-looking. The capes to wear with traveling dresses are not so often made all round as shaped to the shoulder, coming only to the point of the shoulder, which is more becoming for round capes; especially those made of fur are apt to give a grotesque appearance to the wearer, making the shoulders appear unduly large.

Bege cashmere and thoroughly good materials composed entirely of wool, (an admixture of cotton makes them cockle, and renders them of little service) are the best for summer and autumn traveling dresses. I saw several bege cashmeres in grey and brown holland color, made with short skirts, lavenue tunics and basque bodices, trimmed with close-set rows of narrow braid. A new and pretty style for a summer serge has a deep kilting round the skirt, a tunic caught up much on one side, and on the other confined to the skirt by a perpendicular band of color which matches the cuffs, and deep waistcoat all covered with braiding. A long dress for traveling is now never thought of. A very stylish traveling costume for those who do not mind cost nor very rough wear, is a dark blue foulard short costume, the better part of it plain, but trimmed with the birds-eye spot which appears on the flouncing, on the waistcoat, and on the capote and parasol: for a capote of the same material as the dress, or hat of the same shape best suited to the wearer, is an indispensable part of a traveling suit. Double-breasted ulsters to match the costume, the hoods lined with a color, are made in bege, cashmere, and cloth, which should be rendered waterproof, and these are the most suitable kind of extra covering during railway traveling, effectually protecting the dress.

All round cloaks, with gipsy hoods, are found to be a most excellent wrap, thrown on in a minute; and many are made in shepherd's plaid, with hoods lined with cardinal. Ulsters are made in thick cloths, though often in light colors and novel mixtures. One of the newest was made of a cloth diagonally woven, in a mixture of cream and holland color, with faint touches of grass green, brown and yellow so deftly interblended that at the distance they seemed of one uniform tone.

A new jacket, called the D'Orsay, is a wonderful success; it is a tailor made cloth casaquin, which is worn over every variety of skirt. It is like the bodice of a riding-habit, fits the figure closely, and is very well cut. It is made in olive-green, claret, and prune de Monsieur cloth; but in black, worn over a pink cambric dress embroidered in ecru, it looks very stylish. The buttons on it are usually very fantastic—old coins, horseshoes in old silver, dark iridescent pearl, Japanese, and Russian niello buttons, are all used to the D'Orsay jacket.

For more dressy occasions there are toilettes of Indian cashmere mixed with gold. For example, a skirt of pale blue Indian cashmere, the back arranged as a double bouffant, looped up with blue satin bows, which are lined with old gold satin; in front there are two kilted flounces, which do not, however, reach further than the knee; they are of Indian cashmere lined with blue satin, and between them there is a row of gold fringe; at the top of the last flounce are three rows of gold fringe. The bodice is the style called Royal Champagne, and very like an officer's jacket of Louis XV. time; it is made entirely of white braids, one being gold and blue in woven stripes, and the other all gold; these braids are used alternately over all the bodice, which has only a single cashmere revers.

For evening dresses, the newest are the Tallien robes, made of real Indian muslin embroidered with small gold flowers or dots. The short skirt is old-gold satin kilted in fine folds; the muslin is draped *a la Grecque* as high as the right hip, falling low on the opposite side, and bordered with an old gold satin band. The muslin bodice is gathered at the waist, gathers being fashionable for soft materials.

White Spanish lace made up on white satin makes beautiful dresses. The India muslin dresses for young ladies are trimmed with Breton lace a great deal, and are arranged with scarves crossing each other in front, and puffings at the back.

Caps for young people at balls are no longer the fashion, except flower caps, which are in fact wreaths. As a rule the hair is now dressed more, and raised over the face, flowers or diamonds being intermixed with it; small wreaths and coronets are worn. Boots are quite out of date; only shoes are the fashion, with high heels, pointed toes, embroidered and matching the dress. Long gloves with no buttons, or with eight or ten, are correct, and sometimes lace is plaited at the edge. A novelty is gloves with rows of lace insertion let in round the arm.

I have already alluded to the jackets that are made out of cashmere shawls. It is a fashion that is spreading; there are casaquins made out of small square shawls, and trimmed with multicolor fringe. There are visites precisely in form like the black and bege-colored ones we have been accustomed to see made out of long shawls and trimmed with crimped fringe to match the design in color. The Persian mantle, worn as an opera cloak, is large, and fastens on the left shoulder with a silver agrafe; and this can be made without cutting the shawl. Very pretty morning robes are made out of long cashmere shawls, and trimmed with flots of ribbon and Mechlin lace.

The newest-colored grenadine and barege dresses are made over silk, and trimmed with satin; the grenadines have satin stripes, and are decidedly gay and quaint, such colors as olive and deep myrtle-green being mingled with dull red and old-gold. Many are made up as polonaises, which fall open from the waist in front, and are draped on the hips as panlers; they are fastened back with long looped bows and ends of satin ribbon. Black and damask grenadines and fine all-silk grenadines are made in this way, the satin appearing principally on the skirt; and some of the polonaises have as many as three dozen yards of Breton lace on them. Light patterns should be selected for the lace, as they plait effectively, and the design should run length wise—such a pattern, for example, as a fern leaf with a plain space between the leaves. The belt on the polonaise is made of satin; it is wide and folded, beginning under the arms, and crossing the front only, and it is fastened with a very large bow having four loops; the buttons are satin and very small, and the collar is piped with satin.

Gold trimmings are again introduced into many dresses and bonnets. The reign is only commencing. Almost all the new black and brown bonnets have a gold cord round them, and the marabout fringes are powdered with gold. Even the fine wood used for tricot shawls is now dusted thickly over with gold. The new seaside costume is called the dragon; it is made in both plain and checked cashmere, and worn with a cloth jacket that has a military plastron, and is fastened with small metal buttons. Two new modes deserve attention—first, that of red shoes for country wear, which are made of Russian leather, and are either laced in front or fastened with a large buckle; they have red heels, as in days of the Regency. The other fashion is borrowed from Louis XV.'s time, and is that of ribbon embroidery on satin; the shaded ribbons used for the work are exquisitely delicate, and the effect is charming; this ribbon embroidery is used both for costumes and furniture.

Fireside Chat.

NOVELTIES IN DECORATION.

THE common cotton fancy handkerchiefs, that were formerly only purchased by workingmen, seem now to be becoming quite fashionable for all sorts of fancy purposes. They are cleverly cut and contrived into various forms, hats (the round, soft, puffed shape, to match lawn tennis and other dresses), into fichus for wearing over the shoulders, into chair tidies edged with coarse white lace for garden chairs; and last, but not least, into a carpet for laying on the grass (when dry, which it seldom is this summer), for people to put their feet on when sitting down. This last adaptation was very bright looking and uncommon, and would be very cheap and easy to make. Nine large handkerchiefs formed the square, and they were of various patterns, but the colors restricted to black, red, and white. There was an odd one in the centre, four of the same pattern at the corners, and four fitted in between, forming the sides. The one in the centre had a black ground, the four corners red grounds and the four others were of some indescribable pattern, but combining the colors in their arrangement. The whole was lined with sacking, and bound with black braid. The handkerchiefs were three quarters of a yard square, so that the carpet was 7½ yards square, or rather more as the handkerchiefs varied a little as to size. These coarse handkerchiefs when used for chair backs are the smaller kind, and are sometimes spotted. The light or dark blue spots on white grounds with broad borders, and bows of the same color at the corners, look best. They also look well drawn together a little at the top and bottom with two large bows, or fastened to the chair at the four corners loosely, and the bow and ribbon put in the centre slightly drawing it together. I saw a light summer carriage rug the other day composed of these blue spotted handkerchiefs, with alternate squares of plain blue, and a broad band of blue all round, and a lining of blue. Pretty frames for friends' photographs can be made thus: Paint a design of flowers on cardboard surrounding the oval intended for the photograph. Either gum in the photo, or fix it from the back after cutting out the oval. Have a piece of glass cut to the shape and size of the cardboard (a large oval is best) and bound round with brown paper, strongly gummed on; then add a border of colored velvet, full all round, about two inches deep, which must be neatly done, and glued firmly. Finish off with a fancy paper back, and either a support to enable the frame to stand on a table, or loop of ribbon for hanging it up against the wall. Rich blue or red velvet is best. The other day I saw plaques of terra cotta, with fancy heads etched on in Indian ink, fitted into blue velvet, and fastened against the wall over the mantel board. There was a larger one in the centre, but the others were of the same size. They were most effective, and looked well against the rich color of the background of velvet. The plaque was fitted tightly into a wooden mount covered with velvet about four inches in width, and was hung up with broad blue ribbon tied in a bow.

It is a pretty fashion now to have one or two low seats about a drawing room or boudoir in the form of two large square cushions, one upon the other. In two colors, such as blue and black, red or black, or, indeed, of any colors to suit the furniture of the room, they look well. They are firmly stuffed with horsehair, and joined together at right angles, with or without tassels. Colored satin sheeting is a good material to cover them with, or a pretty dark flowered cretonne, which looks well on a lawn.

I have lately seen some novel screens. The first a beautiful standing screen of a peculiar design. There were four leaves of black satin; the two inner leaves had wreaths of flowers worked on in silks, with three oval spaces left unworked, in which were painted three lovely faces. The two other leaves had colored satin appliqué in the form of fans, with a delicate spray of flowers, and a bird and butterfly or two worked on, the gold sticks being formed of gold colored floselle and gold thread. The fans were well arranged, each one being of a different color, with a different design on it. The frame of the screen was gilt, and it had large pieces of colored glass let in, looking like rich-colored gems. It was copied from a screen that had been in the family many years and had been a present originally from a royal lady. A small screen with fern leaves, to stand on a table, had on each leaf a cabinet photograph let in from the top, and was beautifully etched; it was of cardboard, and was mounted in leather. The two photos slipped in, as into an ordinary book, a slit being cut in the card, so as not to interfere with the designs; eight photographs could thus be seen, four on each side of the screen; it measured 18 inches high and nine inches broad; each page had been etched before being mounted. The mounting was only a binding of dark green leather, and a little gilding of about an inch and a half all round. It was so arranged that the card could be taken out at will from the bottom, so that other designs could be substituted if wished. The photographs could be put in before the card was slipped up into its place. Both the cards had to be put together, and slipped in at the same time. This is quite a novelty, and may be a suggestion to anyone fond of etching. The binding must be done by a professional bookbinder. The size of the screen could vary, of course, according to the taste of the designer, and, if Indian ink was not liked the etching could be put in with watercolors mixed to the consistency of ink, used with a fine etching pen. Cobalt and sepia both look well. The binding should match, and be either brown or dark blue, but as Indian ink it would not matter. In an etched photograph book the other day I saw an etched design, containing a fancy photograph soliciting contributions, let into the top; so that, instead of the usual back of leather, there was an example of what was within the cover, and merely a broad band of leather all round. A blotting book was arranged in much the same way, only the piece let in was an illustrated card of the days of the month, which could be slipped in and out at will. Single photographs with an etched device round them on card, with a leather mounting, are interesting table ornaments, or they can be framed with glass like the old fashioned passe-partout frames, similar to what I have mentioned in reference to the painted designs, with a border of gathered velvet. This style is very suitable for memorial pictures, and the words "In memoriam" can be written on a scroll twisted round the etched frame, or in and out of the flowers surrounding the photograph. The initials on the frame and the recording date of the friend can be added on the same scroll. If a beautifully etched card has been prepared and executed with great care, it is sometimes photographed, and sent with the photograph of the departed one to those very intimate friends who would appreciate the value of the memento. The scroll should be not quite an inch wide, outlined strongly and rather broadly, and the letters written distinctly in old English. Ladies can make frames with a little trouble and neatness by having a wooden foundation cut out for them, and then cutting a piece of velvet, laying it on turning in the edges and fixing them with tacks; then use strong glue, taking the tacks out gradually and pressing the velvet.

Japanese matting is a capital thing on which to paint. I have just seen in a country house a folding screen covered with it and painted with large white storks etc., the border being olive green velvet, studded with, good sized nail headed pockets of bamboo on ecclesiast in forget me nots and edged with fringe, are certainly pretty, and children's blankets, with just a bunch of cherries embroidered in one corner. Dolls dressed as soldiers and fishermen, brides, and babies, always sell well; but now, as the haberdashers says, "there is a feeling for" black dolls, which children seem to prefer, probably by way of contrast to the white ones and the white people around them.

White muslin antimacassars, embroidered in white silk, are now, and are taken from Turkish designs; and some cheap bamboo cabinets have been made things of beauty by the introduction of panels embroidered in silk and gold thread on gray oatmeal cloth. The Japanese crape pictures are set in black bamboo and make excellent hand fire screens.

The child learns the language temper and morals of the family; he grows like the family; but it is his heart more especially that is moulded, shaped, and impressed by it. His head—his more purely intellectual qualities—although influenced to a great extent, does not so invariably bear the parental impress.

Books are men of higher nature, and the only men who speak aloud for future times to hear.

For General Debility and Prostration Hop Bitters will do wonders. Prove it by trial.

Scientific and Useful.

USEFUL SHELLS.—The shells of molluska are worthless for agricultural purposes; but the shells of crustaceans may be turned to good account, as they contain notable proportions of phosphoric acid, potash, and nitrogen.

UNCOVERED COAL.—An article in *Les Mondes* states that pure coal, heaped up for nine months of a year, unprotected from the weather, and not allowed to become heated, is changed no more than it would have been in a perfectly dry locality.

FACTS.—With the exception of mercury, zinc expands most when heated. The greatest natural cold ever experienced was 74° below zero. Fossil remains of the common Greenland seal have been obtained from the Champlain clay beds of the Ottawa Valley, in Canada. Phosphorous dissolves in warm sweet oil. If this phosphorized oil be rubbed on the face, in the dark the features assume a ghostly appearance, and the experimenter looks like a Will-o'-the-wisp.

HIGH RAILROADS.—Railroad engineers have not only the tunneling tendencies of the mole, but far more than the aspiring tendencies of the squirrel. The following are the highest points yet reached in carrying railroads over mountain ranges and through elevated passes: The Appenine line reaches a height of 2,024 feet; Black Forest 2,790; Semmering 2,910; Caucasian 8,428; St. Gothard (tunnel) 3,786; Brenner 4,475; Mont Cenis (tunnel) 4,380; Northern Pacific 5,420; Central Pacific 7,017; Union Pacific 8,573; Andes 16,648.

NEURALGIA.—A simpler form of the vinegar and flat-iron remedy for neuralgia, is that of Dr. Ebrard, of France. He states that he has for many years treated all his cases of sciatica and neuralgic pains with an improved electric apparatus, consisting merely of a flat-iron and vinegar. The iron is heated until sufficiently hot to vaporize the vinegar, and is then covered with some woolen fabric, which is moistened with vinegar, and the apparatus is applied to the painful spot. As a rule, the pain disappears in twenty-four hours, and recovery ensues at once.

SILK AND COLOR.—Besides the insoluble fibre, silk contains soluble substances, which give it its brightness, color and strength. It is of importance, therefore, that the natural gum or varnish should be softened, but not dissolved, before the cocoons are unwound. Hard waters are found to minimize the loss of the soluble substances and at the same time soften the cocoons sufficiently for the unwinding process. When hard waters are not obtainable from a natural source, it is recommended to modify the soft waters by the addition of sulphate of lime and carbonate of soda. If the silks are to be dyed bright colors, it is desirable that they may be spun out of soft water.

BRAN BREAD.—Bread made with undressed flour, or even with an extra quantity of bran is the best form in which farinaceous matters can be usually taken in most of the varieties of dyspepsia, accompanied by obstinate constipation. This is a remedy the efficacy of which has long been known and admitted; yet, strange to say, the generality of mankind choose to consult their taste rather than their reason, and, by obstinately separating what nature has beneficently combined, entail upon themselves and their offspring much discomfort and misery.

Farm and Garden.

CARE OF POULTRY.—During the August housecleaning—poultry house cleaning—all the old nests should be removed and the material used in the boxes burned, so as to destroy any vermin that may have found harbor therein. Some people will allow the hens to use the same nest for laying and hatching in all summer. This is slovenly and wrong. Fowls have rights which must be recognized and respected if one wishes to keep them profitably.

POTATO WATER.—The New York *World* says: "Potato water, or water in which potatoes have been boiled, is now recommended in various quarters as not only an effective but an immediate remedy for lice on cows and other cattle; also for ticks. The affected parts are to be bathed with the potato water; one application is generally sufficient. This remedy (if remedy it proves) has the merit of being exceedingly simple, easily employed, and without danger or injury to the cattle."

THE AROMA OF BUTTER.—A plan, says the *Scientific Farmer*, for improving the aroma of butter, in use in many parts of Switzerland noted for good milk and fine butter, is as follows: The milk as soon as it is drawn, and while yet warm, is filtered through a sprig of washed fir tips, the stem of which is inserted to melt and upright in the hole of the funnel. The milk dep sits hairs, skins, cleta or grist from aliminess on the leaves. It has imparted to it a most agreeable odor, and does not readily turn sour. A fresh sprig should be used each time.

SOIL FOR THE WINDOW GARDEN.—All who wish to have plants growing in pots in winter should prepare a heap of good soil for them immediately, in the following manner. Find some good rich soil, which is covered with a thick sod of grass, but free from weeds; cut off the sod, digging about three inches deep, and pile up, mixing with it about one fourth the bulk of well rotted cow manure. Allow this to remain in a heap for a month, wetting it occasionally if there are not frequent rains; then turn it over, break the sods, mix it well, and leave it in a heap until needed for use. If the soil is heavy mix a little sand with it. Do this, and next winter your plants will grow and bloom.

PRESERVATION OF HARNESS.—The first point to be observed is to keep the leather soft and pliable; this can be done only by keeping it well charged with oil and grease; water is a destroyer of these, but mud and saline moisture from the animal are even more destructive. Mud, in drying, absorbs the grease and opens the pores of the leather, making it a ready prey to water, while the salty character of the perspiration from the animal injures the leather, stitching and mountings. It therefore follows that to preserve a harness the straps should be washed and oiled whenever it has been moistened by sweat or soiled by mud. To do this effectually, the straps should all be unbuckled and detached, then washed with a little water and brown soap, then coated with a mixture of neatsfoot oil, and be allowed to remain undisturbed until the water is dried out; then thoroughly rub with a woolen rag, the rubbing is important as it, in addition to removing the surplus oil and grease, tends to close the pores, and gives a finish to the leather.

Our Young Folks.

EDWIN'S WRONG.

BY S. S. L.

AUNT RACHEL stood firm and resolute, like a judge about to pronounce sentence. On the drawing room table lay an overturned inkstand and a beautiful book of engravings stained with ink, bearing mute witness that some one had been working mischief; while near the door stood Edwin Weston, hot and indignant, and Mary Grey, a little twelve year old servant, with her cap awry, and twisting the corner of her apron round her finger in a nervous manner—two small unfortunate beings, with nobody to plead for them.

"Was it you, or was it not, Mary? Answer me," said judge like Aunt Rachel; and Mary plucked up courage to answer—

"No, 'am, I never touches the things in the drawing room—never comes in, even, as you knows, 'em."

There was truth, or what sounded like truth, in the flippant, ungrammatical reply Aunt Rachel's ear detected it, and she turned to Edwin, who in her opinion was surely the guilty one.

"Then it must be you Edwin," she said, as if she had been half convinced before.

"It was not me, Aunt Rachel," retorted Edwin, who seemed to be taking a leaf out of Mary's book with regard to grammar.

"Then who was it?" queried Aunt Rachel.

"I don't know," spoke the little indignant boy of eight.

"You do know." Ah Aunt Rachel Aunt Rachel, you had no right to say that!

"I don't Aunt Rachel, and you are a mean woman to say I do!" Edwin's blue eyes flashed, his cheeks grew crimson, and he clenched his small brown hands with passion as he shouted the words.

"Hallo! what's in the wind now?" cried another boyish voice, and a dark-eyed lad of ten with a bat on his shoulder, thrust his head in at the window. He was off for a cricket match.

"Come here, Hugh, I want to speak to you," said Aunt Rachel. So, without more ado, Hugh threw down his bat, and vaulted in at the window.

"Now then, Aunt Rachel, what's the row?" he asked smiling the while, and stood to listen.

"Some one has overturned the inkstand and spoiled my beautiful book of engravings—now which of the three of you has done it?" So explained and questioned Aunt Rachel.

"Is it a known fact that nobody can spill a drop of ink except one of us three very much suspected individuals?" questioned Hugh comically.

"Give me a plain answer, Hugh—yes or no," was Aunt Rachel's severe command.

"Well, then, no, Aunt Rachel; I have not even seen the inkstand." Hugh was serious enough now.

"Nor I, Hugh," said Edwin, piteously, creeping closer to his brother and looking up at him his dear elder brother; "and Aunt Rachel won't believe me."

"And I haven't done it," averred poor little servant Mary.

"It must be Sarah Aunt Rachel," spoke Hugh as if from conviction.

"Sarah!" Aunt Rachel scoffed at the notion of steady going middle-aged Sarah committing such a deed.

"Well, she may have," asserted Hugh, "I'll go and ask her." And away he went, slamming the door after him as only a boy can slam a door.

Presently Sarah appeared on the scene, shocked beyond measure at the very juvenile notion of her upsetting an inkstand over a book of engravings. So the mystery thickened, but all three ladies even Mary with her cap awry, suspected Edwin of doing the deed from the fact of his having crept down stairs very early that morning.

"Just as if I should want to get up early to do mischief," protested Edwin, and clung to Hugh who could not help him.

"Come with me and I watch the cricket match," and Hugh led Edwin out into the glad sunshine, his huge eyes full of tears.

It was holiday time, when the boys were free to romp, revel, and riot in Aunt Rachel's home, the only home they would know for years. She was kind to them in a way, this same Aunt Rachel; still, she was not their mother. She did not understand, she did not sympathize with them nor trust them, as their mother would have done this threw many sad shadows across their young lives, these two brothers who loved each other so truly.

Hugh picked up his bat under the window, Edwin followed him down to the gate. The elder brother must go as his young companions would be waiting for him so he kissed Edwin told him to keep a brave heart, as he did not believe in having spilling, and then bounded away. Once twice he looked back at his fair haired brother then he turned a corner and was gone. Poor little Edwin, feeling lonely and miserable, could not watch the match, so he strolled away to be alone with his sad thoughts. He knew a quiet place, behind a plantation of trees at the back of the house. Many a story book had he and Hugh read there, with the birds and squirrels flitting and frisking around them. Little Edwin strolled there now to think over the hard things which had fallen to him thus suddenly in the midst of his midsummer joy.

Under the dear old friendly trees how his tears fell, a very torrent of tears. Faster and still faster they dripped and fell, as he thought of his dear father and mother in Africa, toiling and teaching the heathen, weaving out their beautiful life work for God, while he and Hugh were living their young lives here. Were they living their young lives for God? Yes, Hugh was—dear, strong, true hearted good tempered Hugh, bearing and struggling, and pressing forward step by step, heavenward; while he his little brother was so often spoiling his by petulance, impatience under wrong, pride, and many other failings. His thoughts flew back to that parting, three years ago, on board ship. He saw again his mother's pale tearful face, felt her kisses pressed on his lips and forehead, felt the baby yearning for what he was losing and only half understood. But he understood now; yes he did indeed.

Hugh seemed to take his hand again as on that sad day of parting; he heard his sobs, but he himself had no tears to shed. He would be patient, he would be brave to suffer, he would endure hardness he resolved; and then he slept, his hot forehead pressed down among the grass.

Four o'clock brought Mr. Bentley, a near neighbor, a widower, living alone, and scarcely was he seated when in bounded Hugh, hot, hungry, thirsty, and even hoarse, having shouted his throat dry over a well won victory on the cricket field. Mr. Bentley's story was soon told. He had to restore a letter of Aunt Rachel's, which his magpie had stolen and secreted in his master's study that very day, he supposed. Hugh heard it all, standing, hat in hand, at the drawing-room door.

This threw light upon the ink spilling business. Mr. Magpie must have been the real culprit in the affair; he must have flown in at the open window of the drawing room; and, 'Edwin! Where is Edwin?" was the general cry. Nobody knew, nobody had seen him, and all turned out to search for him, Aunt Rachel with a sense of wrong committed making her anxious. At last Hugh found the little sleeper, and raised a shout which all heard as he shook him by the shoulder.

It was all explained under the whispering trees, whither they had all crowded, and little Edwin clung to Hugh and sobbed as if his heart would break. Of course, the root of all the mischief lay with the magpie; so Mr. Bentley to make amends there and then gave him as a present to Edwin. But do you know what Edwin whispered to Hugh in the evening of the same day as they stood at the garden gate in the moonlight, his head resting on Hugh's shoulder?

"I think my magpie will teach me to endure hardness and not to mind when things go wrong, because the right will be behind it all as it has been to day."

"Yes," sighed Hugh; "we shall need hardness if ever we fight the battle of life nobly and well; and right is right and will come to light in time, if we are patient, let all seem ever so wrong."

AN EMPRESS' TREASURES.—The poor Empress writes a correspondent, in her melancholy seclusion of Camden House has the sympathy of everybody including the ladies who are her old enemies, and who would not admit, once upon a time that she was a good wife and mother. She received the Queen of England the other day in the famous blue boudoir, where she has collected all the souvenirs which must hereafter have only a tragical interest for her. There under a glass case, she keeps the casts of the right hand of the Emperor and the young Prince, and these two hands are represented as holding the telegraph despatch announcing the adoption of the law ordering the reconstruction of the column in the Place Vendome. There also, on a dainty shelf is a little white satin rosette that the Prince Imperial wore on the day of his first communion. By a singular stroke of luck this tiny piece of ribbon was found intact in the midst of the ruins of the Tuileries, preserved in some miraculous manner from even a single stain. And there too on a pedestal, and carefully shielded from harm, is a marble bust of the Prince which was likewise uninjured by the fire. The grief of the Empress is overwhelming, and she wanders from room to room weeping the whole day long. As the bed chamber and the study of the Emperor have been kept exactly as they were on the day of his death so are the rooms of the young Prince left precisely as he quitted them never to return and the beds of both the Emperor and the Prince are constantly covered with fresh violets. In the chamber of the Emperor stands a large wardrobe which contains every article which Napoleon III took from the Tuileries when he went to the war that on the fourth of September 1870 he would call his own, namely, his uniforms. What a comment on the insecurity of human greatness!

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 441 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

RUTHVEN

BY WILKINS MICAWBER.

I love to ponder in some quiet nook,
On morning pleasures and on early scenes,
I love to linger o'er a thrice-read book,
Whose sunny pictures so rejoiced my teens.
I muse with pleasure on that happy day,
When first I dabbled in the "Mystic Art,"
And for the Puzzler who made smooth my way
I keep a corner in my inmost heart.
His welcome letters I so longed to see
His kind forbearance I did most esteem,
The slightest notice was a boon to me
The sun a less'n was a golden gleam.
The years are adding to his score and mine,
And great the changes in the puzzle field,
More wise the posers and the work more fine,
For careful sowing gives abundant yield.
But puzzle memories are so deeply set,
And youthful fancies so enshrined and dear,
Thy kindness, Ruthven, I shall ne'er forget,
For "Witch-Knots" ever had a lover here.
And while you journey towards the "mellow eve"
Mid puzzling pleasures or in starner ways,
May Peace and Fortune each a chaplet weave
To grace thy manhood and make glad thy days.

ANSWERS.

No. 305. MANAAR.

No. 309. GIANT
SPEAR
TAPIR
RIDER
SETON

No. 301. RESORTING, RESORTING,

No. 302. HARPER
ARIOSE
RIVOSE
POOPED
KNSENE
REEDED

No. 303. INKSTAND.

No. 304. EMBRIS
YEADON
LIDDELL
LADLED
HELKON
NYKERC

No. 305. MANAL OMAN
No. 306. L
LEA
LEMMA
LEMMING
AMITY
ANY
O

No. 307. WEEK DAY. WEAK DEY.

No. 308. KALAFAT
FUMANIC
MARINES
REMANET
SEMIWAL
SUNICIS
HARRPTA

No. 309. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

No. 310. D
VEN
PARON
FUTAMEN
FATICINAL
DERACINATED
NOMINATED
SENATUS
NATRIX
LED
D

No. 311. NUMERICAL.
The WHOLE consisting of 6 letters is the old Scholar's portrait of Winter and Death.
The 1, 2, 3, is a town of Hungary.
The 2, 3, 4, is a U. S. Saxon money.
The 1, 4, 5, is hastened.
The 4, 5, 6, is an equal quantity.
New Haven, Conn. O. FORREST.

No. 312. SQUARE.
1. A tied fish. 2. A cant used in Russia. 3. The last part of a steps. 4. A quick succession of small waves. 5. A groom. 6. Fortunate.
Canton, Pa. CROAKER.

No. 313. DOUBLE CROSS-WORDS.
In swarthy not in pale,
In hallow not in gain,
In "Horsham" not in flour,
In prevail not in scour,
In midnight not in day,
In morrow not in bay.

Hear them yelling
Hear them telling
All the Yankee Nation,
Of their fame,
Sell the hats,
Terrible sensation.

Once a year we
Hear their cheery
Voices screeching, ringing
Hear them calling,
Hear them crowing,
Of the total, singing.

Lima, Ohio. TRADDLES.

No. 314. REVERSED RHOMBOID.
ACROSS:—1. A fish. 2. A plant. 3. Grave. 4. A fraud. 5. Occidental (Rare). 6. An ancient Greek weight.
DOWN:—1. A communist. 2. A town of China. 3. To take away. 4. Sound. 5. To mark with spots. 6. An army. 7. To intimate. 8. Depart. 9. Ay. 10. A termination of many words. 11. A consonant.
St. Joseph, Mo. WILD ROSE.

No. 315. CHARADE.
The TOTAL who did to the law go,
Continues to make his old jaw go,
About an old FIRST
Purloined by the worst,
LAST one of the worst in Chicago.
New York City. EPSILON.

No. 316. DIAMOND.
1. Old women quaff FIRST with a relish—
The grocer's shelves FIRST will embellish.
2. On the highway my SECOND lies waiting,
For prey he considers worth baiting.
3. Sustained he both pleasure and dolor—
THIRD's known to each Biblical scholar.
4. I've gathered of FOURTH a quart measure,
And ate them with exquisite pleasure.
5. An American tree here discover,
Happy sacred to day-dreaming lover.
6. With horror the parson considers
A party DONATED by "widders."
7. A plant is my SEVENTH I'm certain—
O'er which I'll just lower the curtain.
8. Perhaps you'll be EIGHTH on the morrow,
Your life being darkened by sorrow.
9. How mighty and restless and rolling
Is LAST in our Maker's controlling.
Washington, D. C. GIL BLAS.

No. 317. CROSSWORD.
In Scotia found, but not in gnomed,
(List to a tale fictitious, strange,)
In Standard seen, but not in Roman,
(Went a little dog I found on 'Change,)
In frequent found but not in common;
(This little dog he had the mange.)
In "escaped nun," not in Edith O'Gorman,
(I gave it to a rancher to guard his grange,)
In fond of course but not in foe man
(Dog ate a sheep on the rancher's range,
In ladies seen but found in no man
(The farmer then tried to exchange,)
In accurate but not in woman
(Then to shoot it he did arrange,)
Found in the hammock, he was carried home on
(End of the little dog that had the mange.)
WHOLE is a looking-glass; not uncommon,
Though if you find it, I'll think it strange.
San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 318. REVERSED RHOMBOID.
ACROSS.—1. A carpenter's tool. 2. The shortest way. 3. Lectures. 4. Looking. 5. Elevating. 6. Satiate. 7. To humble.
DOWN.—1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. A kind of stuff. 4. Part of a gun-lock. 5. To gaze. 6. Awns. 7. Fruits. 8. To remember. 9. Together. 10. To sound. 11. A village of Belgium. 12. A pronoun. 13. A letter.
San Francisco, Cal. GOOSE QUILL.

No. 319. CHARADE.
On FIRST in the SECOND by a LAST,
With a WHOLE a pleasant time I passed.
On what, in what, by what, with what,
Is what, I ask of puzzlers a thought.
Millintown, Pa. SANCHO PANZA.

No. 320. DIAMOND.
1. A letter. 2. A measure. 3. A male name. 4. Rides. 5. Opposes. 6. Belonging to a camp. 7. Appertaining to. 8. A philosopher. 9. A bird. 10. To settle. 11. A letter.
Baltimore, Md. HAL HAZARD.

No. 321. CRYPTOGRAM.
Sjaokx "Rahqqtoj" zug o howihk,
Qsahs ag auj ejab tcakv gowobk;
'Cag zag "hzuc" exne bndqg ac lojji
"Hojotjucakg"—vcex zeq poji.
Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 322. REVERSED RHOMBOID.
ACROSS:—1. Pertaining to a genus of beetles. 2. A post-town of Washington Co., Vermont. 3. To wheel. 4. A kind of firearm. 5. A mineral. 6. A substance obtained from the bark of certain species of willow. 7. Shaped like a keel. 8. A vegetable alkaloid.
DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A girl's nickname. 4. A river of Afghanistan. 5. A bird. 6. A town of Sicily. 7. A bird. 8. A mineral. 9. Any gum which easily dissolves in water. 10. To tell. 11. To stand as an equivalent. 12. A dose. 13. To be obliged for. 14. Surrounded by limits. 15. A letter.
New York City. JARKF.

A NEW RIDDLE NEXT WEEK

PRIZES

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.

SOLVERS

Carelations of July 12th were solved by The General, Waverly, Comet, Nic. O'Demus, Hannah, B. Gage, Effendi, Capt. Cuttle, Kos, Uncle Nat, Sou Con, Theron, El Fen, A. Solver, Goose Quill, O. Possum.

NO COMPLETE LISTS.

PRIZE WINNERS

1. Not won.
2. The General. Columbus, O.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS

Dore Chester—Diamond and Rhomboid. Koe—Anagram. Balfour—Crossword and Half Square. El Fen—Two Squares. Nutmeg—Double Crosswords. Eagle Eye—Cestade. Mattie Jay—Double Diamond. Graham—Square and Half Square. Jim Nasium—Cryptogram. Sancho Panza—Double Acrostic and two Fractional Puzzles.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

DORE CHESTER—Diamond very good, but we prefer Progressive Diamonds of seven letters. Try one.

KOE—Your Historical effort is O. K. Have you been studying up during the heated term?

BALFOUR—Crossword all right, but do give us a respite on Half Squares. We have enough to last until Christmas.

EL FEN—We would like to own the desk SQUARE; you intend seven letter beauties. Send them along. Rex is not fat yet. It is an Indian Rubber one.

NUTMEG—Crosswords short and sweet, and will go to seem under the auspices of W. M.

EAGLE EYE—Cestade has passed the fiery ordeal and will give it a new vent.

MATTIE JAY—Thanks for the Double Eleven Letter Diamond. It is the first one we have received. Hope to see you double up frequently.

GRAHAM—The large square is quite a favorite, and we think we have the best of the swap.

JIM NASIUM—Cryptogram right side up with care. Now send another invoice.

SANCHO PANZA—The oddities are all right, and we will try to have the Auction speedily.

HANNAH B. GAGE—Thanks for solutions, and if all your time is not engaged would be pleased to have some of your poetical contributions.

CAPT. CUTTLE—So you go to Parsons on account of money! Look out some person does not make it matrimony.

Farewell. Tra la la!
I'm not the Kid
But come back soon to your chicken buddy,
For I shall feel so
And I'll be with you now
That takes away my BALLOON.'

THE MANDOLINATA.

BY W. W. STORY.

The night is still, the windows are open,
The air with odors is sweet;
Hark! some one is humming the Mandolinata
Along the open street.
The Mandolinata! Ah me! as I hear it,
Before me you seem to rise
From the other world, with your gentle presence,
Your tender and smiling eyes.

How we jested together, and hummed together
That old and threadbare song,
With forced intonations and quaint affectations,
That ended in laughter long!
How oft in the morning beneath your window
I framed to it bantering words.
And heard from within your sweet voice answer
With a flute-tone like a bird's!

And you opened your shutters and sang,
"Good morning,
O Troubadour, gallant and gay!"
And I chanted, "Oh lovely and lazy lady,
I die of this long delay!
Oh, hasten, hasten!" "I'm coming, I'm coming,
Thy lady is coming to thee;"
And then you drew back in your chamber, laughing—
Oh, who were so foolish as we?

Ah me! that vision comes up before me;
How vivid and young and gay!
Ere death like a sudden blast blew on you,
And swept life's blossoms away.
Buoyant of spirit, and glad and happy,
And gentle of thought and heart;
Ah! who would believe you were mortally wounded,
So bravely you played your part?

We veiled our fears and our apprehensions
With hopes that were all in vain;
It was only a sudden cough and spasm
Betrayed the inward pain.
In the midst of our jesting and merry laughter
We turned aside to sigh,
Looked out of the window, and all the landscape
Grew dim to the brimming eye.

And at last, one pleasant summer morning,
When roses were all in bloom,
Death gently came with the wandering breezes
To bear your spirit home.
A smile on your lips—a tender greeting—
And all that was once so gay
Was still and calm, with a perfect sadness,
And you had passed away.

* * * * * *

Through the casement the wind is moaning,
On the pane the ivy crawls,
The fire is faded to ashes,
And the black brand, broken, falls.

The voices are gone, but I linger,
And silence is over all;
Where once there was music and laughter
Stands Death in the empty hall.

There is only a dead rose lying
Faded and crushed on the floor;
And a harp whose strings are broken,
That Love will play no more.

ANCIENT FURNITURE.

COLLECTING ancient furniture has always been a favorite occupation for connoisseurs with a long purse, but it has become of late a prominently fashionable pursuit.

Really ancient specimens, dating back beyond the last three centuries, are almost unattainable as those offered as such are in most cases a delusion and a snare; but clever imitations and reproductions, of which there are many, serve the purpose of decoration equally well.

We have not sufficient space to treat the subject thoroughly, and must therefore confine ourselves to a cursory review of the principal items of a room, such as bedsteads, chairs, tables, and cupboards.

The construction and ornamentation of bedsteads has always been a matter of special care and ingenuity with civilized nations. The early bed of the Greeks was covered with skins, and colored woolen blankets from Miletus, Carthage, Corinth, etc., were used as coverlets. Later, girths of leather or string served as supports, and on them was placed a mattress and a pillow. The Roman bed was open in front, but the back protected by a shelf, the mattress stuffed with herbs, and in later times with wool or feathers. Canopies or frames for curtains were introduced at a very early period. In the twelfth century the bed coverings, consisting of spotted or striped linen sheets, and of richly embroidered silk or cut-work quilts and pillows, were arranged on a kind of ornamental trestle frame, with a curtain hung over projecting hooks on the top. The Anglo-Saxon beds of this period had a coverlet made of green say, of badger's fur, of the skins of beavers, or martin cats, and a cushion. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the decoration of bedsteads and other furniture became much more elaborate; paneled framework, richly carved, and sumptuous hangings of tapestry were introduced. Testers fixed to the ceiling by ornamental metal work, with sliding curtains, came into fashion for bedsteads, which at this time were placed as decorative furniture in state rooms. The finest examples of these sumptuous beds of state were found in France.

The bedsteads of the Tudor and Jacobean period show a canopy supported by four posts, elaborately carved or turned on the lathe; the tester paneled with oak and likewise ornamented with carvings. At a later period the oak-paneled testers and headboards of Queen Elizabeth's time were superseded by rich hangings of tapestry, Genoa or Venice velvets, and other costly materials, with ostrich feather plumes or other ornaments on the angles. The royal beds at Hampton Court best illustrate this stately fashion. In more modern times hardly any special ornamentation of bedsteads has been introduced which is worth recording.

Chairs underwent many changes in shapes and ornamentation, and were made of various materials. The classical curule chair was either composed of solid and entire elephants' teeth, with the point of the tusk carved into a head or beak, or the ivory was veneered on a wooden base. From this carved chair of state, the later shapes, which remained popular in Italy until the end of the sixteenth century, were derived. The famous chair of St. Peter at Rome, preserved in the church of St. Peter, is made of wood, overlaid with carved ivory and gold. The back is composed of little columns and arches, with a pedimental top.

The chair of St. Maximian, at Ravenna dates from the sixth century; and another famous chair made for King Dagobert, in the seventh century, is in the collection of the Louvre. The tradition states that this chair was cast in bronze by St. Eligius, who died in 659.

In Anglo Saxon times the furniture of the dwelling houses was rude and simple, and benches or sitting chests took the place of chairs. When, towards the end of the thirteenth century, mediæval art reached its perfection, and extended over all articles of domestic use. The state chairs combined with chests were covered with carvings. Sides and backs of the chairs of state were carved, sometimes combined with chests, and the seats covered with cushions.

During the thirteenth century the designs for carvings on furniture became more and more artistic, Gothic motives being chosen for the fillings of the panels, and coats of arms introduced in the arched or gabled back; the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, made in the reign of Edward I., is a fine example of the same period. It is of oak, with straight supports and carved side panels; it has a flat seat and a gabled back, with pinnacles in the corners. The wood has been joined together with pins, and was originally covered with a sort of diaper of quatrefoils filled with figures, grotesques, etc. At the same period the classic form of the curule chair was revived in framework, the back covered with tapestry or wickerwork, and the seat made comfortable by canework and cushions.

Mediæval chairs in England were sometimes made of turned wood, and cleverly arranged to fold up, as in our own days. In the sixteenth century a particularly effective form of chairs was in use in Italy, but more especially in Venice. The seat was supported by two planks, and a third plank let in to form a back. All the several portions were carved in massive relief and richly gilt, in Renaissance style, with grotesque figures and masks as side pieces and supports. Armchairs, with similar carvings and fixed bolsters as seats were introduced at the same time. Both shapes of chairs were adopted in England in Charles I.'s time, and continued, with some alterations in the style of ornamentation, to be the fashion throughout the seventeenth century on the Continent. The straight backs were either carved with Renaissance scrolls, supported by elegantly turned straight legs in wicker work, or the seat and back upholstered with figured satin or plush, and the whole frame richly carved. The Rococo period of the 18th century adopted the oval medallion shape for chair backs, and filled them in with figured materials corresponding with the favorite style of design—scrolls as long as Rocaille was the fashion; groups of shepherds and shepherdesses when Watteau became the rage. The carvings of the frame had always to be in keeping with the design of the covering. The three shapes have served as models to the upholsterers of Europe ever since; and only lately their desire for novelties has induced them to revive for drawing rooms the light and elegant marquetry chairs, made of yellow satinwood, for which the English artists in wood were famous more than a century ago, and still older shapes for dining rooms, the hall, and the library.

Grains of Gold.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

Avoid three things—Wet feet, a bore and a lawsuit.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

He is happy who has conquered laziness once and forever.

They are never alone who are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness on everything.

If every year we rooted out one vice, we should soon become perfect men.

Ingratitude calls forth reproaches, as gratitude brings fresh kindnesses.

Let a man overcome anger by love, evil by good, greed by liberality, the liar by truth.

The approved and pious way of gossiping is to sweeten scandal with the treacle of humanizing inferences.

Envy and malice are devils that drive possessed souls into the contemplation of that which aggravates their madness.

The metaphysics of salvation are not of so much consequence, when one is engaged in the practice of actually saving men.

Tears are the gift which love bestows upon the memory of the absent, and they will avail to keep the heart from suffocation.

Whenever we have to establish new relations with any one, let us make an ample provision of pardon, of indulgence, and of kindness.

Being sometimes asunder heightens friendship. The greater cause of the frequent quarrels between relatives is their being so much together.

No one is so greatly to be feared as the man who is willing to tell you all he knows, because the chances are that he will tell you a great deal more.

Men and women in this world receive much of what they deserve. It is like a looking-glass—this big world. Grin and smile to it and it will smile back; scowl and it frowns.

If those who are the enemies of innocent amusement had the direction of the world they would take away the spring and youth—the former from the year, and the latter from human life.

We are all able to take care of ourselves in love affairs when we are young, but when we get old we are all convinced of the inability of other folks in youth to look out for themselves.

As the storm goes and the stars come, so will trouble go and joy come, if we but live for the within, but not in selfishness. Days will look all the brighter for the clouds across the sunshine.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.

The history of the world teaches us no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this—that the only safeguard of a great intellect is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart than folly commences the conquest of the mind.

Femininities.

Colorado ladies carry pistols for waist belt ornaments.

American women eat more candy than all the other women in the world.

English girls are thinking of wearing the classic sandals at the seaside and in the country.

A young lady of Fairfield, Conn., has made three quarters of a ton of butter, and sold it herself.

A woman at La Salle Ill., has been detected stealing prayer books from the churches as a regular calling.

A young lady who falls in love with her father's footman may not inappropriately be called lackey daisical.

A law has been passed in Sweden giving to married women undivided control of their property and earnings.

Inexpensive fans are made of momie cloth, and have all the effect of the satin Pompadour fans without the cost.

A sour old bachelor objects to equal rights for women: he says her origin indicates she was only intended for a side show.

It was the women, and not the men, of Cincinnati who started the movement to compel the factories to use smoke consumers.

However meek and even-tempered a woman may be, things look a little mysterious when she exhibits a bald-headed husband.

The complaint is made that English girls are becoming as free and independent as American girls. The Court Circular says that this is right.

The English Society for Promoting the Employment of Women has an income of $1,600 a year, and finds employment for 235 women annually.

Jennie Gerke, daughter of a well known Baltimore merchant, has eloped with a Scotch athlete named Donald C. Ross. She is sixteen, and heiress to much money.

A favorite way of wearing the broad sash so popular at present, is to place it around the waist to form a belt, and to tie it carelessly on the left side in a large loose knot.

One hundred and seventy eight women, mostly from South and East Boston, have asked to be assessed for a poll tax in Boston as a qualification for voting next December.

An American woman living in Paris recently gave a ladies' party, to which no men were admitted. The waiters were women, and the entertainment was a performance by actresses.

A bonnet forming a point at the top like the roof of a Swiss cottage and worn on the front of the head, is the last, and, it is to be hoped, the ugliest invention of the French milliners.

A Chicago girl says that the one grand object of having a beau, is to save her pocket-money. A smart girl can devour about $25 worth of luxuries per month, if paid for by someone else.

An Indiana lady writes: "No true and devoted husband will feel it degrading to help his wife prepare a meal rock a baby or wipe the dishes, and also throw in a few loving words of encouragement between times."

Mrs. Guinness recently gave a ball in London at a cost of twenty thousand dollars. Mantel-pieces of stephanotis, banks of gardenia and blocks of ice into which flowers were frozen, were among the decorations.

Some females in spite of the free schools and the multiplication of newspapers, still imagine that two railway seats are necessary for a single lady and her bundles, and only yield grudgingly after fibs and frowns have failed her.

Mrs Langtry is going to design a window in a studio. It may possibly be intended as a votive offering for her escape from the crowd of artists and artists' wives who mobbed another lady at the Burlington House, mistaking her for the Jersey lily.

A gown that went from Cincinnati to Saratoga the other day for the use and behoof of a pretty girl, was made of blue India mull over blue silk. Plaits of the latter material formed the left side of the skirt, and a knife-plaiting was placed around the lower edge.

An English bookbinder finds girls to work for him for a shilling a week for a year, and for two shillings a week for the next six months. After that they are supposed to get twelve shillings a week, but, unfortunately, there is never any work for the twelve shilling girls.

Woman, says George Eliot, is a creature made, in a genealogical sense, out of a man's rib. A hopeless bachelor thinks it is a kind of melancholy to imagine a fellow's rib roaming around somewhere in the world, eluding his search, and most likely flirting desperately with some other fellow.

This is the poetic style indulged in by a Baltimore reporter: "She wore a magnificent white silk, en traine and fan-tailed, elaborately trimmed, and the usual bridal veil gathered in such graceful folds about her classical features as to resemble a well becoming cap, while its ample length fairly enveloped the queen like figure it adorned."

The Dickens is the wickedly suggestive name of a new French bonnet. It is usually of black straw, lined with black satin, flat at the ears, but high and open in the front, like a chaise top; a black Surah bow, with ends fringed with a double row of black dotted lace is placed at the top and two small jet tortoises replace the inevitable jet-headed pins so long seen at the sides of bonnets.

They have an infant giantess at North Perry, Maine. It is but thirteen months old, and weighs seventy-five pounds. The attempts of visitors to lift it are laughable. It is three feet in height, is well proportioned, eats heartily, as may be expected, and is good-natured and bright. Its great grandfather is said to have been a very tall and powerful man. Mr. Samuel Golding is the father of this infant wonder.

A Louisiana lady writes: "When I find standard books ruthlessly torn by ignorant persons, words fail me to express my indignation against such an act of barbarism. Generally, when children leave school, they pack their books in a remote corner as relics of the past, very few having the moral courage to continue their studies; yet to many of them leading an aimless life it might prove a balm when least expected. For my part I prefer an evening passed at home with a pleasant book to attending balls, parties and theatres."

Facetiæ.

The best antidote for a hot wave is a dip in a cold one.

If poverty is a disgrace, mended stockings are a darned shame.

They say the smell around some of the markets is perfectly offal.

The first thing a man takes to in his life is his milk; the last is his bier.

Why is ice in a thaw like philanthropy? Because it gives us all directions.

A New York man calls his best girl Ignorance, because Ignorance is bliss.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

Ajax defied the lightning, but it is worthy of remark that the Jersey variety was not then invented.

Speaking of butter, we may respect its color, but do not hesitate to turn up our noses at its rank.

What real pleasant sort of folks our country cousins are, after all. Let's go up and stay a couple of weeks with them.

A pic nic may be a very common-place affair, yet if rightly located there is considerable room ants about the affair.

Scene: Recitation in Mental Science. Professor—"How do you know that you know anything?" Senior—"I don't know."

Man is a gudgeon—woman is the line; her smile the float; her kiss, the bait. Love is the hook. And marriage is the frying pan.

About the meanest thing a woman can do is to get smothered to death and retain an impression of the wrong fellow on the retina of her eye.

The mastodon bones discovered in Orange county, N. Y., are supposed to belong to a Jersey mosquito that got too far north and starved to death.

"She isn't all that fancy painted her!" bitterly exclaimed a rejected lover; "and worse than that, she isn't all that she paints herself."

A Chicago man's nightmare turned out to be the shadow of his wife's foot on the bedroom wall, instead of an unearthly monster with five horns.

A gentleman who suffered much from palpitation of the heart says he was instantly relieved by applying another palpitating heart to the region affected.

An article announcing the decease of a person, says, "His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveler returns attended by his friends."

What terminates a man's smile about as quick as anything else, is to have his cane slip out of his hand and drop through the grating of an unoccupied building.

Cyprus, the new gem in Victoria's crown, is said to be something like Texas. That is, it grows three kinds of venomous spiders and worms to one blade of grass.

A man at Rutland, Vt., was on his way to shoot Weston when he fell off a bridge and was killed. Patience and perseverance will triumph in the end however.

A Western boy recently swallowed a pen-knife. Although not quite out of danger he finds some consolation in the fact that the knife belonged to another boy.

An absent minded gentleman, on retiring at night, put his dog to bed and kicked himself downstairs! He did not discover his mistake until he went to yelp, and the dog tried to snore.

Johnny says his mother makes a great cry if his little sister goes out without her shade hat. She don't want her to get freckled, but she doesn't seem to care a bit how much his father tans him.

The weary husband as he proceeds to take down the clothes line, unconsciously trips over a croquet arch, and from the bottom of his heart wishes he was "where the wicket ceases from troubling."

Why is it that the average young lady can remember accurately three hundred pages of a novel, but can never remember a single page of history? Physiologists will please come to the front on this question.

Vassar girls don't intend to die old maids, apparently. A number of them were recently discovered fencing with broomsticks. A proficiency in the handling of this domestic weapon should be acquired by every young lady who designs to enter the matrimonial state.

An old maid, somewhat advanced in years, whose vivacity at times approached the borders of impertinence, asked an old man, in rather a jeering tone, why he was always dressed in black, and what he wore mourning for?—"For your charms, miss!" he gallantly replied.

Some girls in Berlin who were going to church were attacked at the church door by a mouse and driven away. What kind of a church do they have there in Berlin that no young men are stationed at the door to protect the young ladies from mice? At every church we ever attended there is always a guard of young men stationed on each side of the entrance for this very purpose.

"This, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady; and see how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon ——'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost," was the sinful comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The superintendent put the Chinese shoe in his pocket, and requested the school to sing "Pull for the Shore."

A colored minister in Georgia was brought to trial before his church on the charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined the deacons retired, and soon afterward returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledsoe am acquitted ob de insinuations dat he actual stole de pork, as 'twas not shore dat somebody else mitten't have been wearin' his close; but the brudder is hereby 'fectionately warned dat in de future he must be more keerful."

A VERY USEFUL AND EFFECTIVE MEDICINE for Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, etc. is Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, as it checks these complaints promptly, and exerts a healing and soothing effect on the bowels. One of my children when suffering from Diarrhœa, was relieved thoroughly by this medicine after a few doses, and from my own experience, I have reason to speak with great confidence about it.—W. F. Weaver, writing from Keem's Creek, N. C.

HOURS.

BY S. P.

Tripping lightly through the sunshine,
Creeping 'mid the shadows gray,
Ever swiftly flitting, flitting,
Speed the golden hours away.
Laden they with joy or sorrow,
Pain or pleasure, smiles or tears,
All are under sailing orders
Down the ebbing tide of years.

Hours are golden censers, bearing
Incense-offering evermore;
Shining coils, undoing swiftly,
Till they reach the other shore.
Some among the links there may be
Rusted o'er with bitter tears;
Light and shade are deftly woven
In the canopy of years.

Sheen and shadow intermingle,
And the hours, so sweet and fair,
Change full oft to weary ages,
Through the weight of woe they bear.
Yet the cup of cruel bitter
May be to us for healing given,
And our funeral lamps be watchfires
On the outer walls of heaven.

Happy hours! Oh! words can never
Half their depth of meaning give;
How their benediction brightens
All the world in which we live!
Golden hours! like shining headlands
Jutting o'er the tide of Time;
Rising o'er the wrecks of sorrow,
Crown'd with majesty sublime.

Won Back.

BY H. G. K.

HOW could she have married him—that stern, cold'——"

I was going to say something more, but stopped.

I would not speak disrespectfully of him to his housekeeper, although I almost hated him because of the change, the terrible change, I found in the child of my dearest friend.

Sixteen years had passed since I saw her last, and then at fourteen Clarice was the loveliest, brightest, merriest, and most bewitching little maid I ever saw.

I was upon the sea when little Clarice's mother went to Heaven.

And when, four years after, I came home, they told me the child was fatherless, and with her guardian.

And this man—now her husband—was the one her father left her to.

"How could she have married him?" again I asked, my thoughts going back to a frank and noble youth who loved her well, I knew, and of the hope that filled my own heart for his success.

"Ah! that's what many before you have asked," said Margery Moore. "And now I wonder so myself. But then he was not quite so bad. No, I don't mean bad. I don't know how I came to say it. For never a cross word has he ever said to me, and I've lived with him full thirty years. I meant to say so—so—still and strange.

"Then it did not seem so wonderful. She could have liked—yes, loved him. I'll tell you just how it was, as near as I can. Just thirteen years and a half ago my master, Mr. Hugh, called me into his room. He was sitting there with an open letter in his hand.

"'Margery,' he said, 'an old friend, one that I loved, and one that has placed great confidence in me, is dead. His only child, a little girl, he has left to my charge. Do you think you can take care of her? Can you attend to her wants until she is old enough to be sent to school?'

"'Indeed I can, sir, and should love to have a child about the house,' I said.

"Then he looked a little relieved, and went on:

"'Very well. Oh, I dread it. I suppose we shall have nothing but whining and crying for the next six months, until she gets used to us. Margery, you must fetch her. Go as soon as you can, and don't let us talk any more about the child.'

"The next morning he put a purse in my hand, and two days after I started to fetch the child. Mr. Hugh was absent, as he had said he would be, when I returned home again.

"How well I remember the look of surprise and disappointment on the child's face when I carried her to see the portrait of her guardian.

"'Does he never smile?' she asked.

"I shook my head.

"'But some time, long ago, when papa loved him, and he was only Mr. Hugh, was he not different then?'

"'Oh, yes; then he was as other young men,' I answered, 'and could have told of of one, young and beautiful, having won his heart, and then cast it aside, to be worse than broken—hardened, and filled with doubts, and trusting none; for that it was, and that only, that made him so.

"'Then if once like other men, he shall be again. I'll coax back his smiles, and make him love me, too. For I shall love him because papa bade me to.'

"A letter from 'our master,' as Clarice laughingly called her guardian, told when he would be home.

"'If the child has not got pacified yet, keep her out of my way, for mercy's sake!' he wrote; and how merrily she laughed about it.

"I almost dreaded his coming. Such a change she had wrought in the great, dark rooms.

"She ransacked the storeroom and closets, trunks and boxes; found bright coverings for the old faded sofas and chairs; brightened up the pictures, and brought out 'our master's' picture, hung it over the mantle of his room, and decked it with evergreens; brought forth numberless little vases of flowers of her own work and pretty things of china and marble, and put them all in his room; and then, to my horror, laid hands on his books and papers.

"And, last of all, she coaxed me into a lot of unnecessary trouble.

"She was hid behind the door of the room she had made so beautiful, when he entered.

"And I stood trembling in a far corner of the apartment.

"Round and round he turned.

"Passed his hand across his brow like one only half awake.

"'Where am I, Margery?' he called.

"I was trembling so I could not answer. In an instant, from behind the door, quickly came Clarice and went right up to his side, saying:

"'Won't I do? Margery is out somewhere.'

"I had darted into the passage.

"But near enough to see and hear.

"Her hand was on his arm, and again she spoke to him:

"'Let me take your coat and hat.' And in another minute she began rubbing his hands and saying:

"'How cold your hands are.'

"'Who are you?' he managed to say, in tones of surprise.

"Then such a merry, ringing laugh sounded through the great room, and she said:

"'Your child, Clarice Gordon. A real good child she will be, and not cry a bit if you will only love her a little. See, I am pacified.'

"There was such a merry twinkle in her eye, and remembering his words, he had to smile, and asked, in a voice more like that of years gone by:

"'You Clarice Gordon? How old are you?'

"'Seventeen, almost. Come, say, are you pleased or cross? Margery said you would be just so——'

"'I am pleased that you are happy,' he said.

"And I knew then that she had won her way.

"Yes, he was pleased.

"He liked being made so much of—liked having the beautiful girl flitting about and 'taking care of him,' as he called her pretty ways.

"She coaxed him to take her about town, and among his friends.

"She had young folks often at the Grange, and soon, of course, plenty of lovers.

"But she laughed at them all, declaring she was going to stay with her guardian all the days of her life.

"Well, whether he really loved her, or whether he feared someone might win her away, I can't tell.

"I only know he came to me and told me Clarice was to be his wife, and she, hugging me almost breathless, said:

"'Dear old Margy, you see now I've made 'our master' love me. Now is he not like he used to be a little?'

"They were married, and went away, and I had things as I knew would please her when they came back.

"Things for a while went on well enough. Sometimes he would get in his old way, but she would win him from it.

"After a little—I knew just how it was—he was jealous of everybody, and wanted to cage the beautiful bird, and keep her to himself alone.

"He never chided, only by looks, so cold and stern.

"When the baby came, I thought things would grow bright again. Her heart was full of hope, I know.

"She was very ill.

"Pale faces and anxious hearts were in the house that day.

"But she lived.

"What for?

"I've often thought.

"God forgive me.

"I've heard her say, with her babe closely pressed to her bosom:

"'Oh, little one, why could not you and I have gone to Heaven?'

"For a little while after the baby came he was kinder, and would sit in the nursery, and seemed quite happy again but when the mother grew well and could go about again, the old mood grew on him.

"The baby was her comfort, and so things went on until the little Pearl was three years old.

"The day before she was taken ill, he came in with her in his arms.

"Clarice came up, and putting out her hands, said:

"'Come to mamma.'

"The babe started up, and was about to spring to her mother's arms, when something in his face made her turn and look doubtful.

"'Stay with me,' he whispered.

"'Come to mamma,' pleaded she.

"From one to the other the sweet eyes turned and then, with one arm still round her father, she leant forward, clasping the other about her mother, and lisped:

"'Pearl loves both—wants to stay with both.'

"With all her little strength she drew them together.

"Had she lived she would have held them so, I truly believe.

"Well, you have heard that, after a few hours illness, our darling went to Heaven. Oh, then came this tearful change!

"With never a caress, never a word of love or sympathy, the months and years have passed, and now, at last, the end has come. You have come to take her from us, back to her own sunny home."

"Margery," I said "do you not see she is dying here? I must take her to those who will feed her with the best of all food—sympathy and love. We will bring back life and hope."

Things were in this state when I found Clarice.

At length she agreed to go with me.

'Shall I go?" she forced herself from the barrier of ice to ask.

"As you please," he answered, in a voice that made me shiver.

Ah, he knew well enough when she left it would be forever.

She could have won him again, I am sure.

She was ready to start. Everything that told of little Pearl was collected and packed.

Only one—her picture, that hung in his room.

Stepping on a chair, she lifted the pictured angel child, and clasping it tightly to her bosom, was turning to leave the room, when a hand was laid, not heavily, only firmly, on her shoulder.

"You must not take that, Clarice," her husband said.

"I must—I shall! She was mine. I cannot leave this!" she cried.

"I have nothing else—give me it?"

He took hold of the picture; she, clinging tightly, cried:

'No, no, to me; give her to me!"

Hush! A sweet, tiny voice was heard. Clarice's eyes were lifted; her ears strained to catch the sound. Her husband's face had lost its sternness. His bosom rose and fell convulsively.

"Pearl loves both; wants to stay with both," fell clearly, distinctly on the ear of each.

The mother's hold was loosened, and sobbing, she sank to the floor.

Had the angel-child's spirit hovered about them?

Was her mission to unite again the sundered hearts?

Or, was it only the well-remembered cry of the baby girl that filled the air, and entered the hearts of both at that moment?

Who knows?

Stooping, he gently raised her, bent his head, and said, in a soft, low tone:

'Let her be with both, Clarice, and if our darling's spirit hovers near, let her find us not apart."

It was little Pearl's father that uttered these words.

Won again—won forever—back to love! We went together, she, I, and the baby's father.

Rapidly Clarice's health and spirits returned.

"The effects of the warmer clime," her friends said.

I knew what it it was, and thanked God, feeling sure that when again in her home no chilling blasts would hurt her.

Margaret Krasiowna, of the village of Koniais, Poland, died 1763, aged 106. The following extraordinary circumstances are stated by Eston, as connected with the life of this woman: "At the age of ninety four she married her third husband, Gaspard Raycolt, of the village of Ciwouszin, then aged 105. During the fourteen years they lived together she brought him two boys and a girl; and, what is very remarkable, these three children, from their very birth, bore evident marks of the old age of their parents—their hair being gray, and a vacuity appearing in their gums, like that which is occasioned by the loss of teeth, though they never had any. They had not strength enough, even as they grew up, to chew solid food, but lived on bread and vegetables; they were of a proper size for their age, but their backs were bent, their complexions sallow, with all the other external symptoms of decrepitude. Though most of these particulars," he adds, "may appear fabulous, they are certified by the parish registers. The village of Ciwouszin is in the district of Stenzick, in the palatinate of Sendonier. Gaspard Raycolt, the father, died soon after, aged 119."

King Alfonso of Spain is engaged in procuring subscriptions for a church which he proposes to erect to the memory of his late consort, himself donating $50,000 for that purpose.

Charlotte, N. C., employs two packs of bloodhounds to deter thieves.

TOO GOOD FOR EARTH.

BY S. S. D.

'Twas so, one day she crossed my path
I half believed her not of earth,
So sweet that wistful gaze; in vain
I turned away, for look again
I must; and then I knew too well
By that, in which e'en lay the spell
That hidden something told too true,
That ne'er in heavenly gardens grew,
As yet, this blossom, all too rare
For earthly soil and earthly air.

Ah! sweet, shy flower, 'twas not for long
That thou didst mingle with the throng;
Yet thou, unconscious, shed'st a ray
Of purity athwart their way.
As thou their guardian angel wert,
Though now with heavenly armor girt,
I'd not recall thee, though my eyes
Are dim with tears; though choking sighs
Fill my sad heart with many an ache,
I'll still them all for thy dear sake.

MY FIRST "GERMAN."

BY H. L. H.

I AM afraid, girls, it won't be a very gay winter, so many families here are in mourning; however, you shall have some dancing, for I have invitations for you for four 'Germans,' and no doubt others will come in."

"How delightful," said Alice. "I have often read about Germans. But as I have never quite understood what they meant, it will be charming to see really for one's self."

"I have danced the German in England," said Mrs. Linton; "but you don't often meet with it there, and when you do, it has been generally introduced by Americans. It gets rather monotonous when you have it constantly; but for a while I daresay you will find it amusing."

My cousin Alice and myself had been invited to spend six months at a small village about four miles from Albany, with Mrs. Linton, our kind hostess.

On arriving at Mrs. Vandermilton's, where the "German" was to be, the next evening, we were shown into a bright, cosy-looking bedroom, where we laid aside our wraps. Then descending to the reception room we were introduced to our hostess, who was very pretty and graceful, about four and-twenty, and as I heard a gentleman enthusiastically remark, "the sweetest thing in the house." With the kind desire to put us at our ease, a set of Lancers was got up. I don't remember who my partner was; but as I went through the "grand chaine" for the last time, a gentleman—tall, thin, sharp featured, and long-haired—squeezed my hand and whispered, "German." After we had finished the Lancers, and as Mrs. Linton, who looked like a fairy in pale blue and diamonds, was telling us who the people were, I noticed the same gentleman standing close by, and as she said, "Have you a partner for the German?" to my astonishment he observed: "Yes, you are engaged to me;" on which he was introduced as Mr. Amasa Perkins, and turned out both agreeable and amusing.

As the room was arranged, and people fell into their places I began to tremble. A "German," especially when all are strangers, is rather an ordeal. The room was a very large one; the dancers were all seated around the walls, leaving a large open space, and as seldom more than two couples dance at the same time, any ungraceful dancing or false steps are clearly seen, and, as I found out, sharply criticised. We were told there are about forty figures, but seldom more than five or six are danced; for as every couple goes through the same figure, if a large assembly it takes a long time, and makes it very tedious. A gentleman who knows the figures well is asked to be the leader, and the lady whom the hostess wishes particularly to honor is his partner. The leaders are appointed when the invitations are sent out, to give them time to consult upon which figures are to be chosen; and it is etiquette for the gentleman to send his partner a bouquet of flowers. They sit at the head of the room, and begin every figure. It is rather a fatiguing honor for the lady, as every gentleman has to take her out at least once during the evening. At a little table at the end of the room sits a lady who dispenses the "favors," which are generally rosettes, button hole bouquets, surprise fans, ribbon bracelets with bells attached, boxes of bon-bons, etc.

I found my companion so amusing, that, as I sat near the leader, I had scarcely noticed how the figure was being danced, when he suddenly exclaimed, "It is our turn now!" whisked me twice round the room in a rapid manner, led me to the lady with the favors, who gave me a flower, and left me standing panting by the table. As I saw Mr. Perkins present his flower to a lady, who rose immediately and began the waltz, it dawned upon me I was expected to select a gentleman on whom to bestow my favor. I felt rather embarrassed as I looked round the room at the strange faces, but managed to select a mild, inoffensive-looking little man. On presenting my flower, however, what self possession I had retained forsook me, when, instead of taking it, he held out a pin, and requested me to fasten it on his coat.

In the next round the May-pole was brought in. Plaited round it were ribbons of different colors, each being fastened by the centre to the pole. Four ladies and as many gentlemen took the loose ends, and after passing through a kind of maze to unplait the ribbons, danced with those who held the corresponding ends. A great deal of the enjoyment of the evening depends upon getting a nice partner, as unless you are out very often, you have nearly three hours of each other's society, and in three hours a tedious amount of conversation can be gone through.

After several figures had been performed, supper was announced. The ladies drew their seats into little groups as inclination prompted. Those who felt the room hot, sat in the hall or camped on the stairs. The gentlemen brought each lady a large *sorbette*. They were then waited upon by their partners, or sometimes, as a happy change, by somebody else's partner. The first course generally consisted of stewed terrapin, or oysters fried, stewed, or pickled. Chicken salad followed, then cake, and an enormous plate of several kinds of ice cream.

There were several ladies present carrying three and four bouquets each. On expressing my astonishment to my partner, he said: "Well, I for one would never send a bouquet to a lady if she didn't wear it. When my sister 'came out,' she had eleven sent, and when she stood to receive the guests, she had them tied round her dress."

Privately I thought she must have looked intensely silly, but only said: "And what about the dancing? Didn't she find them very inconvenient?"

"She removed them when dancing commenced," he replied, "and they were placed

on the tables; for as she could not carry them all, she dared not carry one, as all the rejected ones would all have been offended."

It was a good thing Mr. Perkins danced well, or my recollections of my first German would not have been so pleasant as they are.

The dancing was resumed for about an hour after supper, when hot beef-tea, in little old china cups, was brought in; and as we left the house, the snow squeaked loudly under our sleigh-runners, which we were told was a sign of a strong frost. After a most delightful drive, beguiled, after we left the town, by songs and glees, we retired to bed, where, in my dreams, I danced over again my first German.

New Publications.

The latest addition to the International Scientific Series is one of extremely practical character, entitled "Modern Chromatics, with Application to Art and Industry," by Professor Ogden N. Rood. The author states in his preface, that he "has tried to present in a clear, logical, and, if possible, attractive form, the fundamental facts connected with our perception of color, so far as they are at present known or concern the artistic public," and he has succeeded in giving a very comprehensive view of the subject, free from any irrelevant or bewildering technicalities, which so often obscure the meaning from the minds of the casual student or reader of science. The author begins with the transmission of light, then takes up a clear explanation of the results of spectroscopic analysis in the production of color by dispersion. He defines the constant colors and discusses the sensitiveness of the eye in these directions. This is followed by a discussion of colors by polarization, the use of opalescent media, florescence, phosphorescence and absorption, the latter being the method which is used in art and ordinary life. He also discusses color blindness, Young's theory of color, the mixture of colors by changes of luminosity, and by the admixture of white light. Following these are chapters devoted to the duration of color, impressions on the retina, modes of arranging colors in systems, contrasts, combinations of colors in pairs and triads, concluding with a chapter on painting and decoration, and a note upon Hering's and Kuhne's recent theories of color. The volume is properly illustrated and supplies a vast amount of information in a most intelligible and comprehensive form. Published by Appleton & Co., and for sale by Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger, of this city.

The recent additions made by Appleton & Co., to their deservedly popular "Handy Volume Series," offer delightful summer reading. "The Yellow Mask," by Wilkie Collins is a story of Italian plot and scene, told in the author's usual attractive style; the plot is very ingeniously worked and keeps the reader's interest throughout.

No less interesting, although different in style is the pleasantly written description of "A Saddle in the Far West" by William H. Rideing, who gives some graphic pictures of his travels among the adobe towns and sand deserts of Arizona and New Mexico, which will be found extremely readable, and just the style of book one wants in a travelling satchel.

The pleasing sketches which form the "Last Essays of Elia," need no words of commendation, but they are especially welcome and attractive. Published in Appleton's "Handy Volume Series." These are for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

We have already alluded to the prospectus of the Classical Series to be published by Appleton & Co., under the title of "Classical Writers," and edited by John Richard Green. The subject of the series will be the principal English and classical writers whose works are subjects of study in colleges or are read by the public. The title of the first volume is Milton compiled by Stopford A. Brooke. It opens with an interesting sketch of the poet's early life, and gives a critical review of his works, prose and poetry. It is written in an analytical, comprehensive style, and will prove a valuable assistant to the student of Milton's writings. Published in flexible cloth and very attractive typography. Price, 60 cents a volume.

"Nile Days, or Egyptian Bonds," by E. Katharine Bates, is the title of a novel published by Lippincott. The story is descriptive of a trip on the Nile, made by a party whose various elements of character, combined with the incidents of the journey, make quite a pleasing romance, in which the question of mesmeric power takes a prominent part. Bound in paper. Price, 50 cents.

Tennyson's poem, "The Lover's Tale," has been published in a neat little pamphlet by Houghton, Osgood & Co. The author's prefatory note states that the poem was written in his nineteenth year, but being dissatisfied with it he withdrew it from the press. Having been marvellously pirated since, he has republished it with a portrait of "The Golden Supper" as a sequel. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

"Epiphanies of the Risen Lord," is the title of the Rev. George Dana Boardman's latest publication, and is a valuable addition to theological literature to which he has contributed, "Studies in the Creative Week," "Studies in the Model Prayer," etc. The author's object is to trv and harmonize the various accounts of the Epiphany as given by the Evangelists. He begins with the entombment of the Saviour, and his rising from the dead on the third day. The next discussion is the Epiphany as it it appeared to Mary Magdalen and the others who gave an account of it. The volume closes with Indirect Testimonies to the Resurrection of Christ, and the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. Published by Appleton & Co., and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

The name of Max Adeler is so familiar to the readers of humorous stories and sketches, to which he has contributed many of the best, that they will welcome with pleasure his latest publication, entitled, "Random Shots." It contains a goodly number of his characteristic sketches, which are even more graphic by the illustrations from the pencil of A. B. Frost, whose comic interpretations of life are as spirited and forcible humorous as those of the versatile pen of Max Adeler. Published by J. M. Stoddard & Co., of this city. Bound in a comic illuminated paper cover. Price, 75 cts.

NEW MUSIC.

The Musical Folio for August gives a portrait of H. S Perkins, and the following music: Do You Love Me Darling, song by Lieut. H. L. Smith. Bell Song from Fatinitza. The President's March. The Beautiful Green Meadow Waltz. Pearl of Love Valse Elegante. Specimen page from Wright's New Method for Cabinet Organ. Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah. Published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston.

From G. D. Russell, of Boston, we have received two very good pieces of dance music, entitled the Woodbine Schottische, and the Monogram Waltz.

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News Notes.

The badger is almost extinct in Wisconsin.

Cane fodder was the death of two valued Florida cows.

Santa Monico, Cal., has no mosquitoes, save in winter.

General Miles dislikes to be called "an Indian fighter."

A Wilmington steam fire engine uses petroleum for fuel.

The Prince of Wales' sons are nicknamed Sprat and Herring.

Sir Henry Bessemer's new gigantic telescope cost $200 000.

Sanilac, Mich., is excited by Mormon elders drumming up recruits.

De Lesseps is coming to America to get help for his great Panama canal.

One of the new bonnets is shaped like a plate, and is worn at the side of the head.

Westfield, Mass., foxes carry off the squawking fowls from the very door yards

Two strikes for eight hours in Chicago have failed, the men returning to ten hours' labor.

A Bronson, Mich., archery club practised two weeks, knocked out a man's eye, and disbanded.

The violin which Ole Bull performs upon is 316 years old, and was once the treasured property of Paganini.

During the past year six million acres of public lands have been taken up by settlers under the homestead law.

One of the English dress associations has just hired one of Worth's cutters at a salary of $2,500 a year and a carriage.

A Mrs. Coleman of Jamestown, N. Y., the next day after her husband had been buried, went to Erie and was married.

George Bancroft, the historian, though well on in years, and in feeble health, is nevertheless "the busiest man in Newport."

James Bragg of Scranton, slept quietly, with a revolver under his pillow, while a thief walked away with everything of value in his room.

Our silver dollars, it is said, are at 20 per cent. discount in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, while greenbacks are considered as good as gold.

Hanlan, the oarsman, condemns the use of alcohol and tobacco, and says the best physical performances can only be secured through abstinence from their use.

Mary Kendella, who died at Cleveland, Ohio, last spring, was 104 years old, and her husband, who is still living, is 105. They were the oldest married couple on record.

Lord Beaconsfield, it is said, more than one half believes in the transmigration of souls, and used to fancy that the spirit of Ulysses tenanted the body of the late Louis Philippe.

It was the landlord of a hotel at Raleigh, N. C., who posted up during the session of the Assembly this notice: "Members of the Legislature will please be seated first, and gentleman afterward."

The waiters taking advantage of the opportunity, struck for higher wages as the sweet-meats were about to be served at a fashionable wedding in Pottsville recently, and obtained an advance of $1.

The new constitution of Louisiana according to the latest advices, will not contain the clause prohibiting intermarriage between the whites and blacks, its passage having been blocked by clever parliamentary tactics.

The youngest bride of the season, at least, is Miss Martha A. Head, of Wayne county, Ga., who is only ten years old, and was recently married to William R. Sloan, at her father's house, and presumably with his approval.

A hail stone about the size of a pigeon's egg was picked up in Boston by a gentleman, and allowed to melt in the palm of his hand. In the centre of this bit of ice was found a small piece of white stone. Where did it come from?

In Texas there is a law which compels trains to stop thirty minutes on going over the State line, in order that the constable and the sheriff may examine the faces of the passengers and pick out criminals who may be trying to escape from State to the.

The ladies of Kentucky intend next winter to push their claims to political preferment by getting up a lively fight for the office of State Librarian, and the candidate will soon be busy, commencing the canvass of the new members of the Legislature.

The wife of the sheriff of Morris county, Illinois, is small and weak and delicate, and screams at the sight of a man, but when a stalwart prisoner got out of his cell she ran after him with a revolver, tripped him and held him on the floor till her husband came.

The English are eager to atone for their blunder in exposing the Prince Imperial to the assegais of the Zulus by building a costly monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. It is expected that the contributions of the British army will reach $250 000.

Statistics gathered by the Treasury Department shows that while a workman received more money for his labor ten years ago, the reduction in the prices of all commodities now enable him to buy for the same money a third more than he could ten years ago.

Queen Victoria has sent to ex-Empress Eugenie a frame made of violets in amethyste for the last photograph of the late Prince Imperial. The garland is surmounted by an eagle, which holds in his talons a three-colored streamer, on which is written in golden letters the motto "Not lost, but gone before."

The good people of Boston can, on these days when "the thermometer dances in the nineties," pelt each other with snow-balls. Every morning from the machine room of a provision warehouse, in which the temperature is kept at forty degrees by refrigeration, a pile of snow is shoveled into the streets.

Most of the distinguished Parisian ladies are said to have some special taste, literary or artistic. The Duchesse de Chartres paints birds; Mlle. Blanche de Nemours works in a studio; the Countess de Paris selects rare books; the ladies of the de Broglie family prepare material for a future history of their time, and M. Caro's lectures at the College of France are attended by the daughters of the great families of the country.

Answers to Inquirers.

EMMA S. (Reeseville, Pa.)—Powdered charcoal is considered a good dentifrice

E. K. (Ridley Park.)—We cannot possibly tell you which company would be most likely to accept your services.

WALT (Floyd, Va.)—We do not believe that the character can in any way be certainly told by the handwriting.

A. B. (Wyandott, Wis.)—People do not generally get fat as a result of fever. Take plenty of exercise, and eat moderately.

SCOTTY. (Boyle, Ky.)—The marriage of Napoleon Bonaparte, then general, to the widow Josephine Beauharnais, took place in 1796.

MAGGIE R. (Fairfield, Conn.)—Tell him how it is and separate from him. Perhaps before winter comes you will go back to him willingly.

S. B. P. (Saline, Kans.)—There is no blood in an unincubated egg, its constituents of course exist in it, and blood is generated from them during incubation.

STILLNESS, (Wilsville, Pa.)—Consult the advertising columns of the POST for a few weeks back and you will ascertain where you may dispose of your coin if it has any special value.

MERCANTILE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Any false move is subject to one of the following penalties, at the option of his opponent: 1. That the false move shall stand. 2. That the player make a legal move. 3. That the player move his King.

COVEY, (New York, N. Y.—The name oh-wonder comes to us from Canada with the fish itself, where it originated among the French, and is made of course in a "chaudiere" or kettle.

STOKER (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The first experiments made in gaslights for street illumination, in this country, were in August 1812, when a number of gas lamps were introduced into City Hall Park, New York.

REUBAN, (Van Wert, O.)—The author of the book of Esther is unknown. Elihu was most probably the penman of the book of Job. Moses may have written the first two chapters and the last. Some think Job wrote it himself.

JERSEY BOY. (Salem, N. J.)—The Prix du Jockey Club, commonly called the French Derby, was founded in 1836. The prize was then $1,000; it has gradually increased, till now it amounts to $10,000. From 1836 to 1879 over $2,000,000 has been added by the Jockey Club.

G. P. (La Salle, Ill.)—Meerschaum is a hydrated silicate of magnesia. The literal meaning is "sea foam." 2. The barber's pole was hoisted in order that a basin might be suspended to it, indicating that bleeding as well as shaving was performed at that establishment.

W. A. G.—(Stratfordville, Pa.)—The price of the studs will vary according to size and purity of stone from two dollars upwards. 2. There is no collection of music with that particular title, but we can get you a work containing all the songs sung by them as well as other troupes.

ORAPHUL, (Camden, N. J.)—The fact cannot be denied. It is much to be regretted; and the question arises whether the prejudice is not deepened by the sensitiveness shown and the manner in which the feeling is resented. We think, on the whole, it has much decreased of late.

RUBY, (Bristol, Pa.)—The following are the precious stones dedicated to the various months:—January, the Hyacinth, February the Amethyst, March, Jasper, April Sapphire, May Agate, June Emerald, July the Onyx, August the Cornelian, September the Chrysolite, October Beryl, November Topaz, December Ruby.

VOTER, (Montreal, Can.)—You are as much an alien as if you had been born in the United States. The doctrine once a subject always a subject, which at one time was held by England, was abandoned by that country some years ago. Our Government from the beginning always held the opposite, doctrine namely, that the subject had the right of transferring allegiance from one government to another.

HOUSEKEEPER, (Carroll, N. H.)—The following is a good recipe for cleaning gilt frames: Take sufficient flour of sulphur, to give a golden tint, to about ½ pint of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions or cloves of garlic which will answer the same purpose. Strain off the liquid, and when cold dip in it a soft brush and wash with it any gilding which requires restoring. When dry it will come out as bright as new work.

SQUIRREL, (Butler, Iowa.)—The Spanish Armada, for invading England in 1588, consisted of 130 ships, of which 100 were larger than any before built. It conveyed 19,295 soldiers, 10,500 seamen and 2,630 brass cannon. They were to convey an army of 34,000 men from the Scheldt, in flat-bottom boats. The English opposing fleet of smaller vessels, was about 101 ships. The armada returned by the Shetland Islands, and not more than half reached the Spanish ports

KORTM (Eaton, Mich.)—Quite right to speak decidedly about the engagement, but a young man with next to nothing of his own to fall back upon, is not a brilliant match, or one likely to provide a comfortable home. There seems to be no great prospect of success. Better have a family conclave with both parents and the hesitating suitor. It is useless prolonging the present state of matters, which may go on for years and end in disappointment to both parties. A little prudent counsel taken in time may prevent life-long regrets.

ESSAY, (Horry, S. C.)—In ancient Rome the literary needs of the people were abundantly supplied by the pen. Professional scribes were numerous, and papyrus paper was cheap. Books were made faster than they could be sold, to the great disgust of some of the noble Roman authors. The scribes whose manual labor produced these books were educated slaves, and so efficient in their craft that type could hardly have made books more common. Long before the Christian era the poet Horace complained because his books were in the hands of everybody

A. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"One star differeth from another star in glory." Possibly the remark to which you refer was framed in the spirit of this text. It does not follow because the statement appeared in an obnoxious organ, that it must be erroneous. We all need to be a little more liberal in our notions, and to trouble less about shibboleths and sectarian peculiarities. It is perfectly just to say that the very angels are scarcely pure in the sight of God. We are told that some of the angels fell; there may have been others on the brink of falling. It is, in short conceivable that there may be degrees of devotion to God even among the angels, and therefore also degrees of holiness or "purity," though nothing is tolerated in His presence which is corrupt or savors of wrong.

S. J. G. (Lancaster, Pa.)—You are now in a fair way to make a successful man in trade. You are young, and show industry and talent. It would be madness to leave so promising a position for the mock superiority of a clerkship, to become one in a crowd of estimable but generally struggling men who are seldom able to amass a competency. Do not be tempted away. Try to develop your father's business by every means in your power. Look to the successful men in your own business, as examples to emulate. The way open to a thoroughly good, skilled artisan is incomparably more easy to tread and leads more quickly to success than that which lies before a clerk. Try to get to bed a little earlier, and the early rising will not hurt you. Avoid excess in stimulants. Milk and vegetables, with a moderate amount of meat, compose the best diet for physical exertion.

MIMMIE B. (Norfolk, Mass.)—It is quite clear to us that you are wholly undeserving of censure. A true affection cannot be snuffed out like a candle and your mother is unwise in taunting you with entertaining a fond, lingering memory of the past. Almost every girl has her May-dream, which becomes a part of the spirituality of her being. Adverse circumstances may ruffle its surface, but the direst adversity cannot wholly quench it in the waters of oblivion. Beneficent time and new associations correct most sentimental excesses. Marriage with a worthy man creates obligations—indeed a new life—which have a strong tendency to strengthen the spiritual nature of woman, and so inspire her with a sense of duty, to the dimming, or toning down into a gentle placidity all remembrance of a time when the mere girl took love to her bosom, and made an idol of it. So earnestly follow the quiet path you have chosen, and take no heed of remarks shot from the bow of idle malice, or that miserable prattling which is a sure sign of a mind insensible to the indelicacies and refinements inculcated by moral and truly Christian training. Of course these observations do not apply to your mother. Her unwise treatment must be owing to over-anxiety on your behalf. A cheerful manner and a wish to be useful would soon divert her attention to more agreeable topics.

BEATTY'S MID-SUMMER HOLIDAY OFFER.

A $370 13-Stop Parlor Organ for only **$96.25.**

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Warranted 6 Years

Great reduction from former Prices for the Summer months 1879. In order to introduce a New Style Cabinet Organ, I will sell the following elaborate highly finished New Style Cabinet or Parlor Organ during the Mid-summer Holiday Months, for only $96.25 my very lowest former price for this beautiful Instrument has been during the past winter $125.00, but in order to have it more widely known, I offer it at the above remarkably low price. Order at once! My chief object in making this immense reduction this Summer, being to push my sales up to a point beyond all former comparison.

Description of this beautiful Instrument as follows:

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Style 1686. Height, 73 in.; Depth, 24 in.; Length, 50 in. Three (3) Sets Reeds. Thirteen (13) Stops. Five (5) Octaves. French Veneered Panelled Cases highly finished, and a beautiful, neat design. Beatty's Improved Knee Swell, and Beatty's new Excelsior Grand Organ Knee Swell. The mechanism, design, and music in this Organ renders it the most desirable ever before manufactured for the parlor or drawing-room. Retail price asked for such an Instrument by the Monopolists' Agents, about $370.00.

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Please order the Instrument at once, and pay for it only after you have fully tested it at your own home. If it is not as represented, return at my expense, I paying freight both ways. Remember, this offer is at the very lowest figure, and I positively will not deviate from this price. Warranted for 6 years. ☞ Every Organ sold, sells others. ☜ The most successful House in America. More unsolicited testimonials than any manufacturer. I have extended my sales now over the entire world. The sun shines no where but it lights my Instruments. Since my recent return from an extended tour through the Continent of Europe, I am more determined than ever that no city, town or village throughout the entire civilized world shall be unrepresented by my celebrated Instruments.

NEW PIANOS

$125, $135, $145 and upwards. ☞ BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! ☜ Having recently been Re-

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The following is a list of names from persons from Maine to California who have lately purchased my Parlor Organs and have the Instrument in their own homes. I have only room for a few names out of the many thousand orders I am receiving. I have arranged and classified them by States, so you can more readily find out who have purchased in your immediate neighborhood. Please write or call on any one of them if you have any doubt in regard to the superiority of my celebrated Instruments.

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